

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## MY VISION OF THE YEAR.

I SAW where a-dying the Old Year was lying,  
 And the weight at his heart mocked the green  
 at his door :  
 He heard pauper-voices, for bread hoarsely cry-  
 ing,  
 He heard soldiers' tramp, and low thunders of  
 war :  
 There were no friends to cheer him, and small  
 comfort near him,  
 And his life's lamp burnt low, and his breath  
 laboured sore.

Yet, unloved as he ended, his deathbed was  
 tended —  
 A cloaked shadow sat in the sick nurse's room,  
 Nor speaking nor sighing, like the dead by the  
 dying,  
 That mute, muffled shade seemed to deepen  
 the gloom :  
 Did it bring mirth or mourning, come for sorrow  
 or scorning?—  
 Was't veiled spirit of light, or cowed angel  
 of gloom?

As midnight was nearing, the presence uprearing  
 To its height, lowly bent by the dying one's  
 bed,  
 And a hand from the folds of its mantle appear-  
 ing —  
 Who could say if to bless or to ban was out-  
 spread?

Did the shudder that crept through the Year ere  
 he slept,  
 Speak of horror or hope, from that hand o'er  
 his head?

Even thus the last stroke of December outspoke,  
 And I knew with the sound the Old Year was  
 no more,  
 And I saw where from darkness the Young Year  
 awoke,  
 And heard its clear pipe and light step at the  
 door ;  
 And the great shadow gathered the folds of its  
 cloak,  
 And stood by the bed, muffled, mute, as be-  
 fore.

Then I knew 'twas the shade of the Future, ar-  
 rayed  
 By the Dead Year with new might to bless or  
 to ban ;  
 But the darkness upon the cowed features that  
 played,  
 Still baffled the effort their promise to scan.  
 And I waited the Young Year's encounter to see  
 With that awful presence past reading of man.

With his childish laugh ringing like silver bells  
 swinging,  
 Came the Year to his heritage frolic and free,  
 Nor shrank as its broad shadow over him fling-  
 ing  
 That dark presence fronted the child in its  
 glee :

No fear froze the joy of the jubilant boy  
 As he faced the cowed features, and climbed  
 the veiled knee.

Then I knew that, though dim, not unlovely to  
 him  
 Was the face of that presence, nor threatening  
 its eye,  
 And that under that veil was no aspect more  
 grim  
 For the Year I saw born than the Year I saw  
 die. . . .  
 And I woke as from clouds rose the sun's crim-  
 son rim,  
 And the fair light of morning enkindled the  
 sky !  
 PUNCH.

## TURKEY AND GREASE.

(A SONG OF THE SEASON.)

ROAST Turkey is a standing dish  
 For festive Christmas season ;  
 Is oftener served than most folks wish,  
*Punch* thinks beyond all reason —  
 Though to receive it with a "pish,"  
 To Christmas were high treason.

No wonder, if Yule fires aglow  
 Make Turkey drop its juices  
 Into the dripping-pan below,  
 To hold in Grease its use is.  
 But, if Grease catches fire, we know  
 Its blaze the very deuce is.

To keep this Turkey and that Grease  
 From coming to a flare-up, —  
 Which might to such wide blaze increase,  
 As must stir common care up, —  
 And, breaking Europe's Christmas peace,  
 Bid her big engines tear up,

The cooks of Europe, her Great Powers —  
 (Cooks *are* great powers, we know)  
 Spend anxious and laborious hours,  
 And their best squirts bestow ;  
 Diplomacy's cold *douche* in showers  
 On this hot Grease to throw.

BRITANNIA, cook-maid fat and fair,  
 Though fain to stand aloof,  
 And see to her own bill-of-fare,  
 Must rouse, on BULL's behoof :  
 That blaze, once lit, she feels might flare,  
 And catch her master's roof.

French cook and Russ, Pruss, Austrian — each  
 Has his own cause of fear.  
 Who knows where fire, once raised, might reach,  
 With so much loose straw near?  
 All with one voice "cold water" preach —  
 Let's hope all are sincere !

Meanwhile the Turkey spits and spumes,  
 Grease frizzles and fumes high,  
 And titful flashes light the glooms,  
 Are quenched, and, sputtering, die ;  
 And the Cooks' Conference foredooms  
 "No blaze — till by-and-by."  
 PUNCH.

From The Spectator.  
THE ARTHUR LEGENDS.\*

THE romance of the *Morte d'Arthur*, which was finished by Sir Thomas Malory in the ninth year of King Edward IV., and printed by William Caxton, at Westminster, in 1485, never attained the popularity which might have been expected from its subject. Six editions only, besides the *editio princeps*, appeared in the following century and a half, the last of them being published in 1634. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, on the other hand, went through more than twice as many editions within fifty years of the author's death. Both alike were forgotten amidst the troubles of the seventeenth century, and the century that followed, for the most part singularly careless of such things, did not disturb their repose. The *Arcadia*, which, apart from the personality of its author, has nothing more than a literary interest attached to it, was not reprinted till a year or two back, but the antiquarian revival had reached the Arthur Romances fifty years before. Two editions were published in 1816, and another, to which the great name of Southey was attached, in the following year. They might have fallen again into oblivion, but for the help of Mr. Tennyson, who in his *Poems published* in 1832 included several exquisite renderings of Arthur legends. It is to the popularity of the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Lady of Shalott* that we probably owe the appearance of Mr. Wright's edition of 1858. This, as far as the text is concerned, is a reprint of the edition of 1638, but is illustrated by some very interesting and valuable notes. To the *Idylls of the King*, again, we may certainly attribute the publication of the three works which are the subject of the present notice.

Of these the first and the second give us substantially the text of Sir Thomas Malory, modernizing the spelling and, in some few instances, the language, and freeing the story from some of the coarseness by which it is disfigured. Mr. Conybeare takes

\* 1. *La Morte d'Arthur*. Edited by E. Conybeare, Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Moxon and Co. 1868.

2. *Morte d'Arthur*. With Preface, &c., by Sir Edward Strachey, Bart. London: Macmillan. 1868.

3. *The Legends of King Arthur*. Compiled and arranged by "J. E. K." London: Strahan and Co. 1868.

greater liberties with his author, expurgates him more severely, and reduces, his bulk within somewhat narrower limits. On the whole, we prefer Sir Edward Strachey's rendering. We take a specimen from the adventure of Sir Lancelot in the Chapel Perilous:—

## MR. CONYBEARE.

"And as soon as he was within the churchyard he saw standing by him thirty great Knights, more by a yard than ever he had seen, and they grinned and gnashed at Sir Lancelot, and they were all armed in black harness, with their swords drawn. And when Sir Lancelot saw their countenance he dread them sore, and made him ready to do battle; and then they scattered on every side, and gave him the way, and he entered into the chapel, where was a dim lamp burning; and a corpse covered with a silken cloth, and a fair sword. And then Sir Lancelot stooped, and cut a piece of that cloth away, and took the sword, and hid him out of the chapel. And as soon as he was in the chapel-yard, all those Knights spake to him and said, 'Knight Sir Lancelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.'—'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Lancelot, 'with no great words get ye it again; therefore fight for it and ye list.' Therewith he passed through them. And there met him a fair damsel, and said, 'Sir Lancelot, leave that sword behind thee, or else thou wilt die for it.' 'I will not leave it,' said Sir Lancelot, 'for no threats.'—'No,' said she, 'and ye did leave that sword, Queen Guinevere should ye never see. Now, gentle knight,' said the damsel, 'I require thee to kiss me once.'—'Nay,' said Sir Lancelot, 'that God forbid.'—'Well, Sir,' said she, 'and thou hadst kissed me, all thy life days should be done; but now, alas! I have lost all my labour; for I ordained this chapel for thy sake; for I have loved thee these seven years; but there may no woman have thy love but Queen Guinevere. But sithen I may not rejoice thee alive, I had kept no more joy in this world than to have had thy dead body;

## SIR E. STRACHEY.

"With that he saw by him stand there a thirty great Knights, more by a yard than any man that ever he had seen, and all these grinned and gnashed at Sir Lancelot. And when he saw their countenance he dread him sore, and so put his shield afore him, and took his sword in his hand ready unto battle; and they were all armed in black harness, ready with their shields and their swords drawn. And when Sir Lancelot would have gone throughout them, they scattered on every side of him and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapel, and then he saw no light but a dim lamp burning, and then he was ware of a corpse covered with a cloth of silk. Thence Sir Lancelot stooped down and cut a piece away of that cloth, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little; therewithal he feared. And then he saw a fair sword girt by the dead knight, and that he got in his hand and hid him out of the chapel. Anon as ever he was in the chapel-yard all the knights spake to him with a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight Sir Lancelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.'—'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Lancelot, 'will no great word get it again; therefore fight for it, and ye list.' Then right so he past through-out them. And beyond the chapel-yard there met him a fair damsel, and said, 'Sir Lancelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou die for it.'—'I leave it not,' said Sir Lancelot, 'for no entreaties.'—'No,' said she, 'and thou didst leave that sword Queen Guinever should ye never see.' 'Then I were a fool, and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Lancelot.—'Now, gentle knight,' said the damsel, 'I require thee to kiss me but once.'—'Nay,' said Sir

and I would have balm'd it and served it, and dully should I have cleft thee and kissed thee, in despite of Queen Guinevere." — "Ye say well," said Sir Lancelot; "Jesus preserve me from your subtle crafts!"

Lancelot, "that God me forbid." — "Well, Sir," said she, "and thou haddest kissed me, thy life days had been done; but now, alas!" she said, "I have lost all my labour; for I ordained this chapel for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine. And once I had Sir Gawaine within my power, and that time he fought with that knight that lieth there dead in yonder chapel, Sir Gilbert, and at that time he smote off the left hand of Sir Gilbert. And, Sir Lancelot, now I tell thee, I have loved thee this seven year, but there may no woman have thy love but Queen Guinevere. But since I may not rejoice thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world than to have thy body dead. Then would I have valued it and preserved it, and so have kept it my life days; and dully I should have kissed thee, in despite of Queen Guinevere." — "Ye say well," said Sir Lancelot; "God preserve me from your subtil crafts!"

The difference is not very great, but what there is justifies, we think, the preference we have indicated. The omission of the passage marked in italics is in particular a very distinct loss of graphic power. Besides this, Sir E. Strachey gives interesting essays on the subject of the romance, on the history of the text, and another on "Chivalry." William Caxton's preface is printed without abridgment, and there is a short glossary. Mr. Conybeare, on the other hand, leaves his readers without any assistance whatever. "J. E. K."'s little book is constructed on a different plan. The writer has, indeed, frequent recourse to Sir Thomas Malory, as he could not help doing; seeing that Malory gives in a shape which could hardly be improved the substance of the chief Arthur Romances, but he also gathers materials from other sources. And he alters the language of the original with considerable freedom, a task of no little difficulty, which he performs with great success. We quote the passage which tells how Sir Balin struck the Dolorous Stroke. Sir Balin is flying weaponless from King Pelles: —

"At last he ran into a chamber wondrously richly decked, where was a bed all dressed with cloth of gold, the richest that could be thought

of, and one who lay quite still upon the bed; and by the bedside stood a table of pure gold, borne on four silver pillars, and on the table stood a marvellous spear strangely wrought. When Sir Balin saw the spear he seized it in his hand and turned upon Sir Pelles, and smote at him so fiercely and so sore that he dropped swooning to the ground. But at that dolorous and awful stroke, the castle rocked and rove throughout, and all the walls fell crashing and breaking to the earth, and Sir Balin himself fell also in their midst, struck as it were to stone, and powerless to move a hand or foot."

Merlin rescues him, and tells him what he has done: —

"In this castle and that chamber which thou didst defile was the blood of our Lord Christ! and also that most holy cup — the Sangreal — wherefrom the wine was drunk at the Last Supper of our Lord. Joseph of Arimathea brought it to this land when first he came here to convert and save it. And on that bed of gold it was himself who lay, and the strange spear beside him was the spear wherewith the soldier Longus smote our Lord, which evermore hath dripped with blood. King Pelles is the nearest kin to Joseph in direct descent, therefore he held these holy things in trust; but now they have all gone at thy dolorous stroke, no man knoweth whither; and great is the damage to this land, which until now has been the happiest of all lands; for by that stroke thou hast slain thousands, and by the loss and parting of the Sangreal the safety of this realm is put in peril, and its great happiness is gone for evermore."

Altogether, the book is thoroughly interesting, a Primer, as the writer calls it, which may introduce readers to the longer works. Their great artistic defect is, of course, their monotony, the same incessant clash of spears, which sometimes wearies us in Froissart; and this defect is exaggerated by the necessary excision of many of the softer passages which would otherwise relieve it. "J. E. K." puts together in his one hundred and fifty pages the most striking and significant adventures, and achieves a variety which prevents them from ever being dull.

A remarkable variety of interest, indeed, attaches to these romances. In the first place, it is now commonly agreed that Arthur, whether we locate him in Wales, in Cornwall, or in Brittany, was a real personage, the representative of an age of



Celtic civilization, very distantly akin to us, but accounted by us a national hero, with that significant power of assimilation which has so much to do with our greatness. As such we will be content to regard him, at least until Mr. George Cox proves him to be a myth, representing the sunrise or the sunset. In the next place, though all the details of the story are wholly unhistorical as regards the probable age of Arthur himself, that is the fifth or sixth century, they give a very interesting and valuable picture of the manners, the morality, and the faith of the time in which they were actually written, which may be loosely put down as the two hundred years following the Norman Conquest. And then, thirdly and chiefly, we have the use which our poets have made of these legends. Arthur, it will be remembered, is the hero of the *Faery Queene*, the representative of magnificence, a word very inadequate to its original, the *μεγαλοπρέπεια* of Aristotle, and including in his character the twelve virtues of private character. It was part of the magnificent scheme of Spenser to picture him as King (in the *Faery Queene* he is the Prince), representing the twelve public virtues. His part in the action is to complete the achievements of the particular knights, and he accordingly appears in every book. But the allegory of Spenser is extraordinarily cumbrous, probably the worst vehicle of expression which a poet of the first order ever selected, and the chief interest of his great poem centres in particular passages. On the whole, the hero is obscured by the splendour of some of the subordinate personages, of the Red-Cross Knight, of Britomart, or of Una. It is not necessary to do more than mention the fact that in the eighteenth century Sir Richard Blackmore made Arthur the subject of two of his unreadable epics. In our days he has fallen into worthier hands. Not to mention Mr. Matthew Arnold's beautiful *Tristram and Isolt*, we have Lord Lytton's *King Arthur*, a poem which the author, we believe, regards as his masterpiece, but which, though it contains passages of great eloquence, the public has refused to estimate highly. The *Idylls of the King*, not to speak of Mr. Tennyson's earlier poems, stand by com-

mon consent on a different level. It is not indeed easy to find a parallel to them in literature, though some resemblance may be traced in the *Æneid*, itself also the story of a national hero, and with a great moral on its face, the blessing which rests on that greatest of all Roman virtues, the "piety" of family life. But the legends of a nation have never before been turned to so noble a use. The allegory is at once most simple and most complete. The moral is never obtruded, never interferes with the interest or colouring of the story, or with the human personalities of the actors; it might even escape a reader's notice; once seen, its grandeur and power make an impression that cannot be effaced, which is not made by more pretentious and elaborate machinery. The King, amongst his knights

"As is the conscience of a saint  
Among his warring senses,"

stands one of the noblest emblems of the spiritual part of man that ever was devised. As "J. E. K." says in his preface, "The tale of 'Guinevere' becomes the key-note to the whole, its meaning and its influence are foreshadowed by and made to run through all the rest. Everywhere the flesh is hindering and confusing the work of the spirit, powerless only to overthrow the soul itself, which even at the end departs but to refresh itself in the 'Unknown Peace,' and 'to heal it of its grievous wound.'"

The Romances, indeed, need a purifying and ennobling treatment of this kind. They have a moral of their own, a moral of devotion and duty, even, as in the story of "The Sangreal," only to be found by the blameless knight, of purity; but this moral is sometimes obscured; notably it is so in the case of Lancelot, whose magnificence of strength and courage seems sometimes fairly to overpower the romance-writer's moral sense. It is evident that they contain much that might be turned to unworthy purposes. A rumour, indeed, has prevailed of late in the literary world that a writer who, more than other men, has degraded to base uses singular powers of expression, is meditating a poem on one of the Arthurian subjects. For this reason, and because we are sure that a worthier subject could hardly be found, we hope that the *Idylls of the King* may grow in the

hands of their author into a complete poem; that, in the words with which "J. E. K." concludes his preface, he "who has had the power to read aright so great a dream may feel it laid upon him as a duty to tell the whole interpretation of it."

From The Saturday Review.

#### THE FLAVOUR OF CHARACTER.

ONE of the most curious and least analysable things in human life and nature is found in that quality, or perhaps group of qualities, to which we give the general name of force of character. It is something which seems to exist apart, and yet to penetrate and run through every side and quarter of the mind; it is less an independent faculty than a property of all the other faculties, less a solitary attribute than the colouring of all the other attributes. It was justly objected to the phrenologists that, in their exclusive attention to the size and location of the various parts of the brain, they lost sight of another not less important kind of variation—variation in the quality and substance of the brain tissue. An analogous error is committed by students of character, whether they are systematic or only empirical, who are content with summing up a man's attributes, estimating their relative strength, and pronouncing on their comparative utility. Practically, the whole question of the worth of character turns upon a point that is quite beside all these. We want to know, not only that a man has this or that attribute or faculty, but also how he has it. For example, one constantly hears from the lips of that sex which was in chivalrous days the prize-giver and the arbiter of distinctions that so-and-so is wonderfully intellectual; and even persons who use their words with judgment can often find no better phrase for their meaning than this too vague term. In its best and most legitimate sense, the epithet of intellectual is given to persons who possess some of the various intellectual faculties of discrimination, judgment, imagination, and so forth, and exert them with something more than the average constancy. But then to tell us this of anybody is to tell us little; quite as important as the possession and the pretty constant use of all these faculties is the temper, spirit, tone, or manner of their use—the something which makes them sapid, and determines both their harmony with the general current of things outside, and the pleasurable and magnitude of

their influence upon persons. Thus, of that acuteness and quickness which is one of the most essential elements of the intellectual character, the chief thing for us to know is its *qualis*. Is it after the manner of the fox, or the wolf, or the ferret, or is it large-eyed and ample? Is it deep-seeing and wide-seeing, or is it only good for flaws and specks and little likenesses and unlikenesses of the outside? What is the salt whence the acuteness has its savour and characteristic? We may ask just the same sort of questions about moral habits. Industry, for example, must be a creditable quality. Even in a person who preys upon society, laborious tenacity is a virtue, as far as it goes, and may perhaps keep alive the erratic flame of self-respect, which must be a good thing, even in a burglar. Apart from such extreme cases, where one virtue does duty for all the rest not too perfectly, the precise value and likeableness of ordinary or extraordinary industry depend upon something which has nothing to do with industry. We ask what manner of industry it is—beaverish, mechanical, the industry of small things, or, on the other hand, infused with largeness of motive, working on a great scale, and penetrated by a certain indescribable fineness of temper, which makes all the difference between an industry that is admirable and one that is barely less than contemptible.

If we constantly find, among the dullest and least-loved portion of our friends, people endowed with nearly all the talents and nearly all the virtues, we feel just as constantly, on the other side, that those from whom we should be most unwilling to part are recommended to us by something altogether beside either vigorous ability and grasp of understanding, or unusual warmth, strength, and regularity of sentiment. The most rigorous stickler for the square utilitarian tests in practice invariably transcends them, and unconsciously becomes accessible on a side and in a manner not taken into account by his usual method. We cannot help, or at all events a man is neither particularly admirable nor enviable if he can help, being drawn towards characters of the intellectual and the moral parts of which he never thinks of taking any account, but whose flavour is as indefinable as it is irresistible. Indeed, is not this a more considerable element than we usually realize in the pleasure which men take in the society of nice women? Their society is not often made valuable to us by the superiority of their gifts of understanding or by their lofty moral endowments; yet anybody who successfully

undertakes to dispense with their companionship, or who has no special satisfaction in being with the best kind of women that he knows, is already more than halfway on the road to barbarism. Not to be susceptible of the influence of a character of flavour is an assured sign of want of fine flavour in oneself, and persons who shun the association of women, imperfectly cultivated as women are now, may be safely set down as belonging to a very badly finished class. To know men or women of flavour is to have the baldness and profound insipidity of average existence modified in the most satisfactory way in which it is capable of being modified. In a world of mediocrity and gentle dulness, what ought one not to give to be able to know such a man as Charles Lamb was — whimsical, frolicsome, quaint, with every phrase, expression, movement marked by a fresh savour? And flavour is various. Of its essence it is always original and peculiar, never being precisely alike in two persons. It has its kinds and degrees, far apart in their value and their wholesomeness, from the rare and transcendent character of an Augustin down to the sickly hot-house flavour of a Maurice de Guérin. The only traits common to all its kinds seem to be merely negative. We note the absence of this and that, and their absence seems of itself to mean the presence of something which it is hard to write out in words. We can only say of a character with fine flavour that it is not all drawn in straight lines and squares, that it has not been deliberately cut and trimmed after a pattern, but has grown to be what it is by the expansion of inward forces, that it is not sour nor thin nor narrow, nor without play and movement. Its positive qualities we seem only to be able to trace in their effects upon others. We know that something about a man stimulates us and stirs every energy; or that it soothes and softens us, dulling our sensitiveness to the sharp angles; or that it elevates us, putting small cares and mean objects under our feet for the time and disencumbering the overpressed mind; or that it delicately moderates an excessive and turbulent ardour. An atmosphere is somehow poured round men and women of this sort which gives to the moral climate of more ordinary people just the bracing or softening elements of which it stands in need; and this, we suppose, is what has made Mr. Carlyle's denunciation of formulas, phantasms, and simulacra so popular, because a person whom he calls a formula or phantasm or a simulacrum has just one of those

natures which diffuse no atmosphere, but exist as in hard and cold blocks. This moral fibre, to change one's metaphor, is far more interesting and important than exact conformity to the established standard of precise rightness and wrongness in intellectual or moral matters. Johnson, for example, was full of wrongness in metaphysics, politics, and most other subjects where men can go wrong, yet one would rather have known him and been his friend than one would know or be the friend of the most unimpeachable of politicians, or the most supreme of metaphysicians, unless the latter had a smack of either the Johnsonian or some other kind of flavour and fulness. Voltaire's saying about success in life depending less upon a man's talents than upon the force of his character applies to many other things in him beside his success; unless indeed we include under success what it would be quite right, but hardly customary, to include — good influence over others, and an active consciousness in oneself of all the best emotions which one's character is able to compass. This explains the fact, which to raw youth measuring all things by a narrow test of intellectual rightness is for ever a mystery, that talents, knowledge, soundness, coloured by no more than mere orthodox emotion, are seldom idolized by those of riper time who know the world. It is *morale*, temper, flavour, which those value most who have seen most of men and most of the conditions of life; for weakness in *morale*, thinness of temper, and monotony of flavour are the conditions which keep life so poor. This does not mean that a blindly stupid person, the creature of prejudice, unilluminated by intellectual knowledge, and indifferent to it, can win our admiration or liking by firmness, or moderation, or peculiarity of crotchet. But it does mean that one who is second-rate on the intellectual side may be a thousand-fold weightier, higher, more valuable, more successful in the largest sense, than the intellectual first-rate; and for the reason that increase of happiness and improvement comes not only of seeing and knowing — though this is indispensable for the larger endeavour — but of doing and desiring, and it is in deeds and desires combined that fineness of flavour and excellence of tone most show themselves.

It is remarkable how force of character and general quality find their expression in the countenance, far above any one special quality. Intellectual cleverness almost as often as not hangs out no sign in the eyes or the jaw or the cut of the

mouth; neither, of course, does moral goodness, for a man may be the most spotless of saints in obedience to the current moral law, without anything in his face to distinguish him from Joseph Surface or Tartuffe. But the physiognomical expression generally tells us how people possess their qualities, if we have to seek elsewhere for information of what qualities they have. It does not tell us whether a man has read much, whether his mind has shaped itself amid ideas of philosophy, poetry, politics, or commerce. It does tell us, however, if we can find out the special form elsewhere, something of the general spirit in which he is likely to have clothed it; whether he has followed his pursuit with devotion, with tenacity, with robust aggression or tame waiting upon circumstance. And we read in the eye, and in the hardness or flexibility of the master lines of the face and head, all combined and quietly judged, what is by far the most important thing in character—the size and kind of its humanity and sympathy. If this be so, a study of the face would outdo the pretensions of chiromancy, and we might tell fortunes by it; only, as it happens, the face is not fully possessed by the character until the fortune has either been achieved for good or evil, or at least has entered unmistakably and irrevocably into the groove of its achievement.

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From The Spectator.

MR. BENNETT'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO BUNYAN.\*

As a series of typical heads embodying the abstract ideas of Bunyan's story, and adding form and feature to the life which had been given already, these illustrations are perfect. To say that they increase our respect for the late C. H. Bennett's power would most inadequately describe the new light in which they place him. It often happens that when a man who has had a number of small successes attempts anything great, the only result is to remind us unfavourably of the qualities which first earned our approval. We might have feared some such collapse as this when the artful designer of the "Shadows" ventured to grapple with the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The very cleverness which told so well in those drawings might be expected

to supplant the earnest feeling and finer purpose needed for the greater venture. Unless a man can enter into the spirit with which Bunyan wrote, and can realize as Bunyan did the living shapes and faces, with their names and characters engraved upon them, he cannot hope to earn more than temporary praise. Mr. Bennett's work will be more lasting. But we cannot accept it as a complete pictorial version of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It seems to us that this is excluded by the course which the artist proposed to himself, and by which he has gained Mr. Kingsley's not very discriminating applause. By abstaining from all pictures of scenery and action, and by confining himself to portraiture, Mr. Bennett has lost sight of the elements which make the book not only admired, but read, and which turn cardinal virtues and deadly sins into actually existing beings. Mr. Bennett's heads generally answer to the characters, and are admirable studies. But Bunyan's persons are not studies at all, they are men and women. It is almost an accident that they possess such very definite names, and that their names so strangely express their individuality. Yet their object is not to show what they are, but to do some specified work. They are doing it throughout the story, and we rather complain of Mr. Bennett for leaving out this feature. But Mr. Kingsley's apology for the omission is even worse than the omission itself. We think the premiss from which he starts a mistaken one. "No illustration," he says, "can be considered true which does not project on paper the very image which was projected upon the author's brain." As, therefore, Bunyan had only the Midland Counties in his mind's eye, as he had never seen mountains or demons, or anything beyond sober Bedford tradesmen, "and was much too honest a man to indulge his fancy without warrant of fact" as even the three shining ones who met Christian at the foot of the cross were only three poor women who sat at a door in the sun and talked with Bunyan, ideal drawings are wholly out of place. The Valley of the Shadow of Death, for instance, is not described "objectively for the sake of the grand and terrible, but subjectively for the sake of the man who passes through it;" and, therefore, Bunyan "names merely, and that without an epithet, all its satyrs, hobgoblins, snares, gins, and pitfalls." The consequence of this theory is that instead of depicting the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," Mr. Bennett has given us merely a queer shape with straggling arms coming out of a heart,

\* *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*. Illustrated by the late Charles H. Bennett. With a Preface by Charles Kingsley. London: Bradbury and Evans.

and whispering at the ear of a man in armour. If this image was ever projected on Bunyan's brain he must at least have seen one sight which the Midland Counties could not boast. It is true, the image is subjective rather than objective. But this does not mend matters. If we might discuss such a point with the author of *Phaethon*, we should say that the artist must work by means of the objective, and leave the subjective to take care of itself. The author, on the other hand, cannot help letting the subjective predominate. No verbal description of satyrs and hobgoblins can give the same effect as the terror they produced in Christian. But as that terror is a state of the mind, and a picture can only represent an outward show, the best it can do is to give us the cause of terror. And this distinction makes Mr. Kingsley's mistake more evident. The author and the artist are two men seeking the same end by different means. So long as they attain that end, it does not matter from what point they start, or how far they agree on the journey. Both are judged by the effect they actually produce, not by that which they may be supposed to have intended to produce. Mr. Kingsley assumes that Bunyan thought in pictures, that these pictures were such as he always saw around him, that anything which he did not see was vague and unmeaning to him, and that he must not have credit for more than the scantiest variations on a bare and meagre original. If this be so, it is the more surprising that the effect produced on the world should have been so very different. There are few that have not believed in the reality of Apollyon and the fiends of the pit, of the lions and the archers, of Giant Despair and the Slough of Despond, of the Enchanted Ground and the Delectable Mountains. This belief does not proceed from any detailed description, from any attempt at "word-painting," by which the idea that we all form would be clouded, instead of being rendered more vivid. Nor is it shaken by the natural inference that the author of the story did not catch all the details suggested by his curt, matter-of-fact recital.

But we must not allow our differences with Mr. Kingsley to divert us from considering Mr. Bennett's pictures. The first point that strikes the least observing eye is that the artist has formed his style on that of Hans Holbein. Some of the heads seem to have been taken directly from old German engravings. Others preserve the spirit of those masters without suggesting an actual likeness. The finest heads are still more

truly original. We are inclined to give the palm to the portrait of Discretion, the "grave and beautiful damsel" who was called out by Watchful the Porter to receive Christian at the gate of the palace. When we have said that her face fully answers to that description, we have done all that is necessary. Such a word-painter as Mr. Kingsley might enlarge on the grand curve of the outline of her face, her deep earnest eyes, the silent eloquence of her lips, her rapt attention looking like repose. But all those expressions would not teach Mr. Bennett to project a more striking image on paper, nor would they show why Prudence just falls short of Discretion, but is worthy to be named with her. Indeed, some of Prudence's features are better, especially the chin and neck. In his better class of male faces Mr. Bennett is rather too German. His Evangelist is almost of the modern school. Christian and Faithful are more distinctive. Help and Greatheart are too much alike, and this near agreement in many of the types is not wholly satisfactory. Sometimes it is suggestive, as where Experience and Hypocrisy, Knowledge and Legality appear to have been taken from the same faces, and to have been but slightly varied. Yet though Bunyan did not always alter his types, putting in two kinds of mistrust, and following up Timorous by Mr. Fearing, at least there was a change in circumstances. The artist has not the same chances. We are apt to accuse him of poverty of invention when the author earns the praise of skilful gradation. However, though Mr. Bennett does repeat himself, he is rich in variety. What will impress the world at large most favourably is his stock of unpleasant faces. In these his strength comes out fully and palpably, although it occasionally leads him into caricature, and though the result is of a lower order than the one which culminates in Discretion and Prudence. The pigheaded face of Obdurate, and the little half-closed pig's eyes of Self-Conceit; the foolish wonder of Pliable, the strait-laced, stiff-necked stare of Formalist, the blear-eyed cynicism of Mistrust; the firm, heavily cut nose and brow of Pride; the simpering leer of Shame; the old Adam, a cross between an agricultural labourer of the worst type and a Fenian, my Lord Timeserver uttering his toothless flatteries, Worldly Glory, with the exact look of an old German general, and Vain Confidence, bearing the same resemblance to an Italian leader of mercenaries, are the most dramatic features of the series. To some extent we have all these gradations in miniature when we look



at the picture of the jury. The art displayed there is not so high, but we might almost pick out each particular jurymen by his expression, and assign to each mouth the saying that came out of it. Lord Hategood, the judge, is a shade too temperate in his atrocity. But for that, his beetle brows, the corner of his mouth, the seams in his face curling round like a wave and cresting in his double chin, would be in keeping with the set glare of his eyes. The allegorical vignettes of "Vanity Fair" come under the censure we have already expressed. It is unfortunate that Mr. Bennett should shrink from reproducing the most characteristic parts of the book, while he shows us what he can do with those which have seemed secondary. Yet in the same way he disappoints us most with the figures to which we look with the greatest curiosity. There may be doubts how *Worldly Wiseman* should be drawn. Mr. Bennett has not solved them by giving us a face which seems the exact portrait of the late Cardinal. We do not know whether this likeness was an intentional caricature, or whether the characters of the Cardinal and his worldly namesake were thought to coincide. But in any point of view the resemblance is curious. The juxtaposition was probably tempting.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE PLAYS OF PHILIP MASSINGER.\*

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM, by this handy and indeed handsome volume of the Plays of Massinger, has supplied a void long existing in popular collections of our old dramatists. The four-volume edition of Gifford was always costly, and has now become scarce; and the reprint of it in one volume (1841) is cumbrous, and not very remarkable for correctness of type. The castigated edition forming a portion of Murray's Cabinet Library did not satisfy the real students of dramatic literature, and yet did not find favour with readers who account all plays, whether Bowdlerized or not, abominations. Colonel Cunningham has wisely adhered to Gifford's text; for, both as regards text and comment, the first real editor of Massinger left little to be done by others. Into this, his first editorial essay, Gifford put his full force, and that force was of no common order, since he was not

merely well versed in our dramatic literature, but also in the Latin writers — Seneca, Juvenal, and others — from whom the stage writers before the Restoration drew liberally. It was, perhaps, scarcely worth while to break upon a wheel such butterflies as the preceding editors of Massinger — Coxeter and Mason. But Gifford, besides being almost a lifelong invalid, and editor of a then very pugnacious journal, had in him a good deal of the spirit of the Scaligers, the elder Gronovius, George Steevens, and Porson — none of whom were wont to deal complimentary phrases to their editorial brethren.

The plan and size of this edition did not admit of footnotes, but the Introductory Notice and the Glossary furnish nearly all that ordinary readers will require. He who makes Massinger his study will have recourse to Gifford, but an edition which may be read with pleasure, and does not tax the pocket heavily, merits a kindly welcome. In one respect indeed the volume before us is more complete than any former edition of Massinger's works, since it contains a play long supposed to have been one of the many victims to the oven and piepan of herald Warburton's ever-memorable cook-maid. *Believe as You List* will not add much to its author's reputation. It wears the aspect of a play written in haste for some particular occasion, and it shows also tokens of other hands besides Massinger's. The way in which it has been reclaimed, however, as described in the Introductory Notice, is very creditable to Colonel Cunningham's editorial sagacity.

The life of Massinger, like that of so many of his contemporaries who wrote for the stage, was passed amid difficulties and distress; and, in his case, the causes of distress are not easy to understand. To all appearance he had a fair start in life. He had a good education, completed at the University, the traces of which are visible in all that remains of his writings; and he inherited from his father Arthur the patronage of the noble family of the Herberts, at a time when a patron was almost as essential as a manager to every one who wrote for the stage. There is no ground for imputing to Philip Massinger such a life and conversation as wrecked, not undeservedly, the fortunes of Peele and Marlowe. Yet after a time we find his prospects suddenly, and, as it seems, irretrievably, overcast. It is agreed that he quitted St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, abruptly, and it has been surmised that his conversion to the Church of Rome — a political, almost as much as a religious, offence in those days — was the

\* *The Plays of Philip Massinger, from the Text of William Gifford; with the addition of the Tragedy "Believe as You List."* Edited by Lieut.-Colonel F. Cunningham. London: Crocker. 1868.

cause of his doing so, and that it lost him the favour of the House of Pembroke. The death of his father in 1606 coincided nearly with his leaving Oxford, and we are in the dark as to whether Arthur Massinger cut him off with or without a shilling, or whether he had anything to bequeath. Philip's poverty however is certain, whatever the cause of it may have been. In the autumn of his days he thus wrote of himself:—"He enlisted in youth amongst divers whose necessitous fortunes made literature their profession." The word *literature* is here most significant. As yet there was neither an Albemarle Street nor a Paternoster Row for the solace and benefit of authors. The publishers and book-vendors of Little Britain were unable to keep authors in meat and clothing, and the reward for a dedication was often the only guerdon or remuneration which the dwellers in garrets received. With the exception of grave and well-lodged divines, or of historians and controversialists who dealt with Church and State matters, and who were, if paid at all, paid by the great, there was no vocation for the literary man in the seventeenth century except composition for the stage. At a time when newspapers were merely gazettes, and reviews and magazines unknown, the profits of the scholar would not have supplied him with fire or raiment; a Church living, or an underling's place at Court or in a noble household, was the highest object of his studies and his ambition. The prices, however, paid to dramatic authors, if the value of money at the time be taken into account, were by no means contemptible; and, besides what managers Alleyne or Henslowe might pay, the worth of a dedication was at least forty shillings. Of such adjuncts to housekeeping Massinger enjoyed at least a fair amount. He held the pen of a ready writer, and his plays appear to have been generally well received by audiences; yet in 1615, several years after he commenced writing for the theatre, we find him, in conjunction with other bedfellows in misery, humbly suing Philip Henslowe for a small advance of money. "How much money have you, Master Matthew?" was a question he was often asked; and his writings display a close and unhappy familiarity with the "painful family" of debt, hunger, rags, the spunging-house, and the sheriff's officer. We can scarcely imagine him to have paraded, as Euripides was taxed with doing, the rags and the wallet of Telephus and Peleus, merely from a taste for picturesque mendicancy. We may indeed discard Coleridge's supposition that his pov-

erty infused a democratic bitterness into his verse; but we cannot overlook the many proofs he has given of having been throughout a long career "one out of suits with fortune."

That Massinger was born and died, that he was poor and at least once imprisoned for debt, are nearly all the facts of his life that can be pronounced certain. Yet his plays, and especially the dedication of them to patrons or personal friends, afford us some probable inferences. "Commendatory verses" are not much better vouchers for a man's character than epitaphs, and in reading them we are often tempted to repeat Charles Lamb's searching question in a churchyard, after due study of the tombstones—"Where are the bad people?" In the commendatory verses, however, signed "Thomas Jay Miles," there is a passage of doubtful interpretation as regards Massinger himself, but an instructive one as to the position he held in contemporary opinion. It may argue that the poet was a person of much modesty, or that, on the contrary, he arrogated to himself more credit for his plays than his co-mates in dramatic composition or the public were willing to assign to him. The lines are these:—

Whosoe'er beyond desert commends  
Errs more by much than he that reprehends:  
For praise misplaced, and honour set upon  
A worthless object, is distraction.  
I cannot sin so here, unless I went  
About to style you only excellent.  
Apollo's gifts are not confined alone  
To your dispose, he hath more heirs than one.  
And such as do derive from his blest hand  
A large inheritance in the poet's land  
As well as you; nor are you, I assure  
Myself, so envious, but you can endure  
To hear their praise, whose worth long since was  
known  
And justly too preferred before your own.  
I knew you'd take it for an injury  
(And 'tis a well becoming modesty)  
To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear  
Your name by some too partial friend writ near  
Unequall'd Jonson; being men whose fire,  
At distance and with reverence, you admire  
Do so, and you shall find your gain will be  
Much more, by yielding them priority,  
Than with a certainty of loss to hold  
A foolish competition.

From the tenor of Thomas Jay's advice, which is far better than his verses, it might appear that Massinger had been indulging in some thrasonical vein, or in some unseemly complaints about his position among writers for the stage in the year 1630, for in that year his drama of *The Picture* was

printed for the first and only time. Yet, on the other hand, there is a generally sober tone in his plays, and an absence of servility in his dedications—if they are compared with that class of addresses current at the time—which may lead us to think better of him, and to give him credit, poor as he undoubtedly was for many years, for modesty and dignified self-respect. And this opinion is in some measure confirmed by Gifford, who remarks that the commendatory verses prefixed to his dramas dwell more on the moral worth than on the genius of their author. There were literary factions and literary wars in the days of Elizabeth and James, as well as in the days when Dryden and Settle, Pope and Cibber, wrestled with one another in the arena of abuse. But the records of Massinger's life are too scanty to warrant us even in surmising whether he took part with Ben Jonson, or with his foes, Marston and Decker. Gifford indeed remarks that it is evident that there "was little cordiality between Jonson and our author; the former could bear no rival near the throne." We require the evidence for this assertion; at best it is merely negative.

The evidence for Massinger's extreme poverty rests principally upon two or three sentences in the dedications of his *Great Duke of Florence*, licensed for the Queen's servants, July 5, 1627, and of his *Maid of Honour*, probably licensed a year later. Their author had then been writing for the stage for at least ten years. To Sir Robert Wiseman, to whom the earlier dedication was addressed, he writes:—"For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty." In the later dedication he says to his most honoured friends, Sir Francis Foljambe and Sir Thomas Bland:—"I heartily wish that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours." These passages settle the question as to Massinger's distress; but a statement of Langbaine's seems to point to some improvement in his fortunes, at least towards the close of his life:—"He went to bed on the 16th of March, 1640, in good health, and was found dead in the morning in his own house in the Bankside." The owner of a house can hardly, even in days of low rents, have died in destitution like poor Otway or Floyd Sydenham.

That he laboured diligently in his vocation is evident from the number of plays which he wrote, jointly or severally; and

that he composed rapidly we learn from a contemporary poet cited by Langbaine:—

• • • Massinger that knows  
The strength of plot to write in verse and prose;  
Whose easy Pegasus will amble o'er  
Some threescore miles of fancy in an hour.

Yet, if he wrote quickly, he must have corrected leisurely, since in his verse there are no marks of the fatal facility which augurs haste rather than speed. "Next to the grace and dignity of sentiment in Massinger," says Mr. Hallam, a favourable but not a partial judge of his plays, "we must praise those qualities in his style. Every modern critic has been struck by the peculiar beauty of his language. In his harmonious swell of numbers, in his pure and genuine idiom, we find an unceasing charm." Such graces are not to be earned by a poet

• • • qui in hora sæpe ducentos,  
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.

Copartnership in the composition of plays was not merely a convenience for the writers of them, some of whom might be devoid of tragic and others of comic powers, but also in some degree a necessity of the theatre in the time of Massinger. The playhouse was the general purveyor of public amusement, its only rival being the bear-garden, and that, in the course of Elizabeth's reign, had begun to fail in attraction. The stage afforded at least three avenues to literary men; one, the mending or altering of plays that had gone out of fashion, or of plays imperfectly constructed; another, the combination of two or three writers in one piece, so that the copy might be the sooner ready for representation; and the third, sole and single authorship. We may reasonably imagine Massinger to have spent some years in the obscure and perhaps ill-paid labour of working upon other persons' plays—in fact, in learning the business of his calling. In his next stage he is found in conjunction with writers who have left a name—Field, Decker, and others; and finally, he attains experience and confidence enough to stand alone. It is impossible to detect such portions of the dramas bearing Massinger's name on their title-pages as were written by his colleagues. Field, we know, contributed to one of his noblest plays, the *Fatal Dowry*, and it is to be hoped that the comic scenes fell to his allotment of the work. Massinger, although capable of devising comic situations and characters, does not excel in humorous or witty dialogue, and too often, when he attempts it, strives to raise a laugh by gross indecency. Of the sparkling rapidity of

Fletcher's conversation he is utterly devoid; this defect, indeed, he shared with Ford and others; nor can we assent to some modern critics who held that he was unable to write the language of courtiers and gentlemen because he consorted only with persons of low extraction or vulgar manners. One brought up in the noble house of the Herberts, and well educated also, cannot have been wholly ignorant of the manners and conversation of good society.

To all appearance Massinger had no reason to complain of his audiences; and that he was a favourite with the public is proved by his constant employment by the purveyors of the stage. Thirty-eight dramas, including that now printed for the first time among his collected works, are, in whole or in part, ascribed to him. In public favour, indeed, he stood higher than Ben Jonson, who wearied audiences by an obstinate adherence to *humours* and individualities of character, or by ponderous tragedies derived from times in which unlearned spectators took no interest. Massinger had never cause, like Jonson, to quit "the loathed stage," or to banish the groundlings in odes as fierce as the speeches of Coriolanus to the unwashed mob of Rome. Yet after the Restoration we find Jonson's plays in some vogue, and Massinger's laid aside as stale, "garments out of fashion." His present editor thinks that this neglect arose from the greater prurieness of Fletcher's and Shirley's dramas. But it is not difficult to conceive other and perhaps better reasons for Massinger's unpopularity. With the Restoration began a taste for what has since been designated "genteel comedy"; with it also began a preference for declamatory rhetoric over the proper phrase of passion. The tragedy of Massinger paled its ineffectual fire before the rant of *Don Sebastian* and the *Indian Emperor*, while such wit and humour as he owned possessed a somewhat archaic flavour, and had no chance of competing with the lax and libertine dialogue of Etheridge, Killigrew, and Wycherley, itself an echo of the ordinary conversation at Whitehall. Professor Masson has described him as "the modest and manly Massinger," and the epithet "modest" is not misapplied if we compare his comedies with the five-act farces of the second Carolinian period. His comedies were too grave, his tragedies too free from rant, for the fashions that came with Charles from Brussels; and just as the old cavaliers, with their loyalty, their "state and ancients," disappeared before the carpet-knights of Whitehall, so Massinger was laid on the shelf, and Evelyn and Pepys

alike rejoiced in the superior refinement of an age which pronounced the *Moor of Venice* dull, and applauded the *Adventures of Five Hours*, the *Parson's Wedding* of Killigrew, and the *Spanish Friar* of Dryden. But, although set aside, Massinger was not neglected by the younger generation of playwrights. If he was not good to act, he was good to plunder; new heads might be fitted to the busts of his plays; his *Bondman* was worked up into a lifeless comedy called the *Interval*, his *Fatal Dowry* into the *Fair Penitent*. Nothing, perhaps, more vividly displays the neglect into which Massinger had fallen than the success of Rowe's tragedy. Of all the raids on Massinger this was incomparably the most audacious, yet of it Samuel Johnson thus wrote:—

The *Fair Penitent* is one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable or so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious and soft, or sprightly, as occasion requires.

Johnson, when he wrote these words, was plainly ignorant of the existence of the *Fatal Dowry*, and it was reserved for Richard Cumberland, in some excellent papers in his *Observer*, to vindicate Massinger and expose the felonious Rowe. The author of *Irene* was but slenderly qualified to judge either of the "fable" or "diction" of tragedy; but an editor of Shakspeare might have been expected to know something of the true *Una* as well as of the false *Duessa*. His ignorance, however, was to a great degree shared by persons far better versed than Johnson was in the earlier English drama. The learned George Steevens, and the indefatigable and exact Malone, though they occasionally took from Massinger illustrations of Shakspeare, were each of them unaware of his merit as an author. They used his plays much as Robinson Crusoe used the wrecked Spanish brig; they brought away from him all that suited their particular occasions, and kicked aside the doubts and pistoles as "slight, unmeritable" dross.

Massinger, as we have already said, died in March, 1640; and as regards the theatre, and the writers for it, this date is significant. Within eighteen months from that date the play-houses were closed by an Order in Council, and in 1648 they were prohibited by a formal Act of the Puritan Parliament. In 1642, indeed, the people of England were enacting a tragedy, as the

issue proved, more solemn and severe than any representation of the stage, and six years later the gloom of Puritanism was predominant; plays savoured of "the man of sin"; and the sons of Belial, as the players were held to be, their occupation being gone, were either lurking in garrets or fighting under the banners of Rupert and Newcastle at Newbury or Marston Moor. It is some tribute to Massinger's genius that his play of the *City Madam* was, in this dreary interim, printed for the first time. To Andrew Pennycuik, an actor of some repute, we are indebted for its publication; and his dedication of it to the Countess of Oxford, a distant relative of the Pembroke family, is not without significance. It connects the story or the traditions of the poet's boyhood with this reprint of one of his best dramas. The opinions of modern critics will be found abridged in Colonel Cunningham's Introductory Notice. Of these Mr. Hallam's is, in our opinion, the most just, and Hazlitt's the most unfair. Hazlitt, however, was perhaps set against Massinger by his hatred of Gifford, his editor. Admirable as this critic's judgments frequently are, they are occasionally tinged by his personal feelings; and the spirit which prompted him to underrate Juvenal because his foe had translated Juvenal's satires, probably led him to deny to the author of the *Great Duke of Milan*, and the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the justice he has rendered to writers far inferior to Philip Massinger.

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From The Saturday Review.

SPEDDING'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD BACON.\*

FIRST NOTICE.

MR. SPEDDING has given us another instalment of his edition of Lord Bacon's letters and occasional writings, and of his own elaborate commentary on them and on Lord Bacon's personal history. Mr. Spedding is fully alive to the responsibility of having to do justice to one of the greatest names in the history of mankind; and he very properly will not be hurried, but takes his time to push his investigations to the utmost, and to make up his mind on their effect. His volumes are not very bulky ones, and a great part of their contents has been printed before, and calls only for the last touches of exact editing; but an inter-

val of six years has elapsed between the first two volumes and those before us. He left off in 1862 with the fall of Essex, bringing down Bacon's letters and life to April, 1601; in the new volumes he begins with whatever is to be found of Bacon's words and doings in the last years of Elizabeth, and goes on through his strangely slow rise under James, till at length at the end of 1613 he became Attorney-General. This is leisurely editing, especially as the fruits of these twelve years of Bacon's life, though rich and abundant, hardly make their show in this portion of the edition of his works. But the delay is made up for by our having the work done once for all as well as, with our present means, it can be done; and about that—about Mr. Spedding's care, sagacity, patience, and complete command of his subject—there can be no doubt. His manner of dealing with it is a model of intelligent and instructive editing of remains and fragments, often in an equal degree of the highest interest and of the most provoking perplexity; and he has shown, as Mr. Carlyle has often done, that the most minute criticism of texts and laborious sifting of evidences are not a hinderance—but, on the contrary, are the natural support and may be made the most effective ally—to the large, reasonable, and animated views of character and history which are suggested by that ripening and widening experience which we sometimes call common sense and sometimes historical imagination.

Bacon's activity and prominence in public life increased, after an interval of waiting, with the accession of James. These volumes contain, as almost their most important portion, abundant notes and reports of his Parliamentary speeches, together with minutes, opinions, and papers of advice addressed to the King on the chief subjects of State before the country and the Government. Private letters occasionally remind us that the great philosophical works were going on, and give us glimpses of their progress; but they are fewer than we could wish, and are almost lost in the crowd of records of his public business. He was knighted, "gregariously, in a troop" of three hundred, in 1603; he became Solicitor-General in 1607, and at length Attorney in 1613. In each case he rose after more than one disappointment, notwithstanding apparently his strong claims and powerful friends; and the delay was certainly not for want of pressing his claims on his friends. Why a man so able, so useful, and so eager to rise was kept down beneath inferior men by those whom he was

\* *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon.* Edited by James Spedding. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.



so ready to serve; what made the shrewd people with whom he had to do — Elizabeth, the Cecils, James — so long persistently distrust or undervalue the first intellect of the age, united with boundless industry and zeal in their cause, and give him so tardily and reluctantly the advancement which he so earnestly craved, is a question which Lord Macaulay has only partially answered, and on which we do not see that Mr. Spedding has thrown much new light. Whether it was that he was too great or not great enough; too great to be endured or encouraged by those who disliked rivals more than enemies; or not great enough, as to character and all that makes the man himself, in proportion to the richness and magnificence of his intellectual gifts — made of less account, in the eyes of those who judged of men as accurately as they judged of abilities, by a kind of *μικροψυχία* which sometimes attends great powers, a too great pliancy and softness and smoothness of spirit, a too great fearfulness of offending and haste to please, a want of that stoutness and high temper which makes itself felt and claims respect as the due of a manly nature and not of gifts; whether he was thought a man who could be much used without much reward, or one too clever and too visibly set on his own promotion to be safely engaged with very far; whether they were afraid of his resources and dexterity, or were not sure of his principles — are questions which Mr. Spedding's work does not seem to give us any fresh means of settling.

No man of equal eminence ever lived so completely two different lives at the same time as Bacon. These volumes mainly contain the records of his public life, and to read these records we might suppose that we were only reading about one of the busiest of the political actors of that busy age. We might read them without even a suspicion that the man whom they show us was all the time intent and equally busy about the most deep-reaching and ambitious of philosophical revolutions. Here is the lawyer, the Government official, the member of Parliament, the councillor of State, the ready and accomplished orator, the crafty and not very scrupulous adviser of power, keenly alive to the tempers and questions of the time, full of large and comprehensive schemes of policy, full equally of the minute details of legal business; but in everything appearing as if he were as much absorbed by public affairs as Cecil or Coke, and as if he could have neither time nor strength to give to the thoughts of anything else. Yet the truth

is that this was only one side, and the secondary and subordinate side, of Bacon's character and working. He threw himself as eagerly into the practice of the Bar, and into the problems of a treacherous and bewildering common law, as if all he thought of was to fit himself for work in the King's Bench or the Star Chamber, with an occasional turn in the great State prosecutions in Westminster Hall. He spoke, moved, brought in Bills, or opposed them, in the House of Commons, as if he felt already the coming greatness of that assembly, and the height and importance in government of those who should succeed in becoming its leaders. He was ready for any employment, he was indefatigable, strenuous, and patient under the hardest tasks and most ungracious taskmasters, as if really his first object in life was to be Solicitor, Attorney, and perhaps at last Chancellor. For this he was content to be "Queen Elizabeth's watch-candle," "as my good old mistress," he says, "was wont to call me, because it pleased her to say that I did continually burn (and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing)." For this he pressed his services with unstinted devotion on those who had public employment and place to give — on Cecil, on King James. Yet all this intense activity, all this resolute and pertinacious ambition, of which these volumes of Mr. Spedding present a picture which seems at first to exclude any competing interests, all those feverish aspirations and struggles of an anxious and eventful public career, were for the sake of something else. These things did not contain their own ends; they were the means to ends of a perfectly different nature. All this was in fact mere "pot-boiling." The romance of the idealist, the dreams and longings of the philanthropist, were behind all this hard coarse drudgery of the man of business. Bacon was a public man; he threw himself so keenly into public life, he fought, toiled, we are afraid we must add, sinned in it, that he might gain a station in which he might reform philosophy. To carry out his great schemes, he wanted leisure, he wanted power, he wanted high rank in society; above all he wanted in abundance the command of money, the ability to incur great expense, the means of securing co-operation on all sides, for supporting a widely diversified and prolonged system of experiments as venturesome and as endless as those of the alchemists. To gain this, political life promised him the fairest chance; and behind all his hard political work lay the real desire of his soul. Never forgotten, never far out of sight, its

thoughts attended him even in the thickest press of business; and whenever a lull came in it, whenever for a while he was not wanted, or work was for some reason slack, he turned with all his powers to his great designs for changing the face of the world for man. This must never be forgotten. The strange thing is that it is perfectly possible, in writing his history and the history of the times, to cut off the public man completely from the great thinker and planner for human welfare. What he did in public seems, in its outward aspect, to have no relation to what he was meditating in private. A history of Bacon the politician might be apparently complete, without a hint dropped that the same man was all the time revolving the *Instauratio* and the *Novum Organum*. But the one was for the other. Mr. Spedding reminds us continually, and very justly, that what animated Bacon, and doubtless often upheld him, amid the labours and disgusts of his legal and political career, was the conviction that only by following it patiently to the end, and accepting all its necessities, could he seize the magnificent but fleeting chance which was passing before him — the chance proffered, as it seemed, to him alone — of being the Columbus of a new world, unsuspected, unimaginable, waiting in nature for the intellect and powers of man.

During all the time comprised in these volumes, Bacon would be found making a figure in any history of England. But during all this time the portions of his great philosophical work were maturing, and were being brought in varying shapes before the judgment of his friends, and even before the public. During this time the *Advancement of Learning* was published; the *Instauratio* was growing, and, as it grew, was passing about among those with whom he shared his inmost thoughts — Sir Thomas Bodley, Toby Matthews, Bishop Andrews. James's accession had at first thrown Bacon into the shade, and we owe to that unemployed time a fragment in which Bacon has recorded in the most striking way the ideas and purposes which governed his life. We will make a few extracts from Mr. Spedding's account of it:—

After this [Bacon's knighthood, July, 1603] I find no more letters for a good while, nor indeed — until the meeting of Parliament on March 29, 1603-4 (?) — any further news of his proceedings. I imagine, however, that the intervening months were among the busiest and most exciting that he ever passed. For this is the time when I suppose him to have conceived the design of throwing his thoughts on philoso-

phy and intellectual progress into a popular form and inviting the co-operation of mankind.

His old idea of finding a better method of studying the laws of nature, having no doubt undergone in the endeavour to realize it many modifications, had at last taken the shape of a treatise in two parts. The first part was to be called *Experientia Literata*, and was to contain an exposition of the art of experimenting; that is, of proceeding in scientific order from one experiment to another, making the answer to one question suggest the question to be asked next. The second part was to be called *Interpretatio Naturæ*, and was to explain the method of arriving by degrees at *axioms* or general principles in nature; thence by the light of those axioms proceeding to new experiments; and so finally to the discovery of all the secrets of nature's operation, which would include the command over her forces. . . . As an exposition of the design it was superseded by completer prefaces of later date, and was therefore not included among the philosophical works selected for translation. But as bearing on the history of his own career it has a peculiar value, revealing as it does an authentic glimpse of that large portion of his life which, though to him as real as the rest, and far more profoundly interesting, scarcely shows itself among these records of his career as a man of business, and is in danger of being forgotten. And I do not know how I can better help my readers to conceive the thing, and to give it due prominence among his purposes and performances, than by inserting a translation of it in this place. . . . What we have to understand and remember is the *nature* of the enterprise, and the *fact* that he believed it practicable. He believed that he had by accident stumbled on a Thought which duly followed out would in the course of generations make man the master of all natural forces. The "Interpretation of Nature" was, according to his speculation, the "Kingdom of Man." To plant this thought in men's minds under such conditions that it should have the best chance of growing and bearing its proper fruit in due season, was the great aspiration of his life; and though diverted, interrupted, and baffled by a hundred impediments — internal and external — by infirmities of body and of mind, by his own business and other people's, by clients, creditors, and sheriffs' officers, by the impracticability (say the wise) of the problem itself, owing to a fundamental misconception of the case, by an imperfection (as I think) in his own intellectual organization, which placed him at a disadvantage in dealing with many parts of it, he never doubted that the thing might be done if men would but think so, and that it was his mission to make them think so, and to point out the way. And though many and many a day must have closed without showing any sensible progress in the work, I suppose not a single day went down in which he did not remember with a sigh, or a resolution, or a prayer, that the work was still undone.

Here are some extracts from the draught preface in which he sketched his designs : —

Believing that I was born for the service of mankind, and regarding the care of the commonwealth as a kind of common property which, like the air and water, belongs to everybody, I set myself to consider in what way mankind might be best served, and what service I was myself best fitted by nature to perform.

Now among all the benefits which could be conferred upon mankind, I found none so great as the discovery of new arts, endowments, and commodities for the bettering of man's life. . . . It was plain that the good effects wrought by founders of cities, &c., extend but over narrow spaces and last but for a short time; whereas the work of the inventor, though a thing of less pomp and show, is felt everywhere and lasts for ever. But above all, if a man could succeed, not in striking out some particular invention, however useful, but in kindling a light in nature — a light which should in its very rising touch and illuminate all the border regions that confine upon the circle of our present knowledge; and so, spreading further and further, should presently disclose and bring into sight all that is most hidden and secret in the world — that man (I thought) would be the benefactor of the human race, the propagator of man's empire over the universe, the champion of liberty, the conqueror and subduer of necessities.

For myself, I found that I was fitted for nothing so well as for the study of Truth. . . . Nevertheless, because my birth and education had seasoned me in business of State; . . . and because I hoped that, if I rose to any place of honour in the State, I should have a larger command of industry and ability to help me in my work; for these reasons I applied myself to the arts of civil life, and commended my services, so far as in modesty and honesty I might, to the favour of such friends as had any influence. In which also I had another motive; for I felt that those things I have spoken of — be they great or small — reach no further than the condition and culture of this mortal life; and I was not without hopes (the condition of Religion being at that time not very prosperous) that if I came to hold office in the State, I might get something done too for the good of men's souls.

When I found, however, that my zeal was mistaken for ambition, and that my life had already reached the turning point, and my breaking health reminded me how ill I could afford to be so slow, and I reflected, moreover, that in leaving undone the good that I could do by myself alone, and applying myself to that which could not be done without the consent and help of others, I was by no means discharging the duty that lay on me, I put all these thoughts aside, and (in pursuance of my old determination) betook myself wholly to this work. — iii. 84.

Not quite "wholly"; yet with great determination and governing purpose. In a more busy time he yet could thus write of

his purpose, in a letter, inviting the sympathy and co-operation of Casaubon : —

Atque illud etiam de me recte auguraris, me scientias ex latebris in lucem extrahere vehementer cupere. Neque enim multum interest ea per otium scribi quas per otium legantur, sed plane vitam et res humanas et medias earum turbas per contemplationes sanas et veras instructiores esse volo. Quanta autem in hoc genere aggrediar et quam parvis prædiis, postmodum fortasse resciscas. . . . Conjunctionem animorum et studiorum plus facere ad amicitias judico, quam civiles necessitates et occasionum officia. Equidem existimo neminem unquam magis verè potuisse dicere de sese, quam me ipsum, illud quod habet psalmus, *multum incola fuit anima mea*. — iv. 146.

But these volumes show us but little of the inner and meditative life. They scarcely do more than give us occasional glimpses of what was going on, and record the dates when some remarkable result of it came to maturity. What they show us is what Bacon appeared in the eyes of the statesmen and the public men of the time, and of those who watched and judged of these great actors. It showed us the means which he followed in his resolute pursuit of power and rank in the State. These means must be reserved for more careful consideration in another notice.

From The Saturday Review.

#### HELPS'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.\*

THERE are few people in the world whom one has less temptation to censure than Mr. Helps, and we certainly have no particular wish to be censorious over this pleasant little volume. But the announcement which appears in its preface tempts us, we own, to a gentle remonstrance. We are told that this *Life of Columbus* is one of a series of biographies destined to appear under Mr. Helps's superintendence, which are "for the most part taken verbatim from my *History of the Spanish Conquest in America*." Such a project carries on the very face of it its own condemnation. If literary form or character is a thing which has any real existence at all, a history is something essentially different from a patchwork of lives and events, any one of which can be detached in perfect completeness by "the skill and research of Mr. H. P. Thomas." No amount of addition and rearrangement will ever turn pages of a good history into pages of a good biography; the better the

\* *The Life of Columbus*. Chiefly by Arthur Helps. London : Bell & Daldy. 1889.

history, in fact, the more impossible such a remodelling must be. It is perhaps difficult to rate a book more highly than its author himself rates it, but in this case we are bound to say, in justice to Mr. Helps's work, that it is far too good a history to lend itself efficiently to the scissors with which he proposes to snip this series of biographies out of it. There is, indeed, a peculiar difficulty in the case of the *Spanish Conquest*. Few histories have less of the biographical or narrative element in them; its aim, which is very inadequately represented by its title, is a purely philosophical aim; and the discovery and conquest of the New World is treated throughout simply as a framework for the study of the origins of modern slavery. A yet greater difficulty in the way of such biographical experiments as the present is offered by the very temper of Mr. Helps's mind. To be a good biographer a man must have the largest and boldest faith in the powers of individual man and in his superiority to the influences, either moral or physical, around him; in a word, he must to a certain degree be a hero-worshipper. Now, what is most characteristic in Mr. Helps's writings is the curiously vivid way in which he realizes the overpowering weight of these very influences, in which he subordinates men and events to the general fortunes of the race and the gradual development of human ideas, in which he sometimes seems tempted to regard individuals as mere puppets moved over the stage of his history by the larger natural forces which assume such names as "chance" or "providence." Take, for instance, such a characteristic passage as this from the preface to his present work:—

It has always been a favourite speculation with historians, and indeed with all thinking men, to consider what would have happened from a slight change of circumstances in the course of things which led to great events. This may be an idle and a useless speculation, but it is an inevitable one. Never was there such a field for this kind of speculation as in the voyages, especially the first one, of Columbus. The first point of land which he saw and touched at is as nearly as possible the central point of what must once have been the united continent of North and South America. The least change of circumstances might have made an immense difference in the result. The going to sleep of the helmsman, the unshipping of the rudder (which did occur in the case of the *Pinzon*), the smallest mistake in taking an observation, might have made, and probably did make, considerable change in the event. During that memorable first voyage of Columbus, the gentlest breeze carried with it the destinies of future empires. Had he made his first discovery of land at a point much southward of

that which he did discover, South America might have been colonized by the Spaniards with all the vigour that belonged to their great efforts at colonization, and, being a continent, might not afterwards have been so easily wrested from their sway by the maritime nations. On the other hand, had some breeze, big with the fate of nations, carried Columbus northward, it would hardly have been left for the English more than a century afterwards to found those colonies which have proved to be the seeds of the greatest nation that the world is likely to behold.

A tone of mind such as this, which has its grandeur on the large canvas of a history, is necessarily fatal to the interest of individual biography. Columbus dwindles when his greatness hangs on the unshipping of a rudder or the change of a wind.

But there is another characteristic of Mr. Helps's mind which tells even more directly against his biographical attempts. Sympathy is the first requisite of a biographer, and the intellectual temper which exercises so marked an influence over the form of all his works is only feebly sympathetic. In this case of Columbus one feels that the writer is looking at him in a very shrewd and just and even good-humoured way, but that he is holding him at arm's length from himself to get this look at him. Mr. Helps treats his hero with all tenderness and respect, but with just that sort of tenderness and respect with which one would treat a delicate marble statuette of him, taking him up at one time for a bit of genial narrative, and laying him down at another for a bit of reflection or chat about some side-question which he has suggested, but always treating him in a purely objective and external way. Of course there is throughout a real interest in his hero; at certain points of his story he is even a little amused with him, or angry at him, or grieved about him; but he is never absorbed or enthusiastic or one with him. It is curious how this way of looking at Columbus insensibly communicates itself to the reader. One is so grateful for the constant ripple of pleasant side-talk which goes on from page to page, for the quaint suggestive comments, the pregnant little gnomes on men and manners which lie scattered along the story, that the reader hardly realizes till he closes the book how completely its tone has become his own, how far his hero has receded out of the circle of personal interest, and how little a part after all the great discoverer has played in his thoughts as he read about him. Now Columbus is one of a class of men who require for the understanding of them precisely this sympathy which Mr. Helps wants. We hardly know a better

instance of the biographic results which follow from any attempt to sketch such characters without it than the instance of George Fox. As Lord Macaulay has drawn his portrait it is a simple caricature. But it is a caricature which only leaves its victim more unintelligible than he was before. We quite see why the parish constables should have dieted this noisy brawler in leathern breeches on bread and water; but Lord Macaulay does not help us to see just the one point which we wanted to see — why this noisy ranter became the spiritual regenerator of his time, and how it was that men like Penn and Barclay licked all this "portentous nonsense" into shape. Michelet's treatment of Joan of Arc, on the other hand, is one of the finest instances which history has ever given us of the force of poetic sympathy in rendering a very peculiar character intelligible. By the sheer insight which faith in a great nature alone can give, the historian shows the oneness of that life of a peasant girl as it grew through vision and effort, through its strange alternations of poetry and prose, into the life of a great national deliverer. And Columbus, though his character stands on a far lower level, was an enthusiast of the same stamp with Joan of Arc. It is easy, either in Lord Macaulay's epigrammatic fashion or in Mr. Helps's cooler contemplative way, to paint him as a mere bundle of anomalies and contradictions, a strange amalgam of greatness and meanness, at once dreamer and shrewd man of business, an ardent crusader crossed with the modern man of science, credulous and sceptical, a saint, over whose canonization the Church is said now to be meditating, forcing cargoes of human flesh and blood on a struggling Isabella. Mr. Helps has certainly not the mere vulgar delight in building up a great character by a series of antitheses which "smart" writers seem to find in that process, but his humour has a way of thinking second thoughts which produces much the same effect. The life of Columbus, for instance, culminates in the great moment of his discovery and in a petty act of dishonesty: —

The sun went down upon the same weary round of waters which for so long a time their eyes had ached to see beyond, when at ten o'clock Columbus, standing on the poop of his vessel, saw a light, and called to him privately Pedro Gutierrez, a groom of the king's chamber, who saw it also. Then they called Rodrigo Sanchez, who had been sent by their highnesses as over-looker. I imagine him to have been a cold and cautious man, of the kind that are sent by jealous States to accompany and curb great generals,

and who are not usually much loved by them. Sanchez did not see the light at first, because, as Columbus says, he did not stand in the place where it could be seen; but at last even he sees it, and it may now be considered to have been seen officially. "It appeared like a candle that went up and down, and Don Christopher did not doubt it was a true light, and that it was on land; and so it proved, as it came from people passing with lights from one cottage to another." Their highnesses had promised a pension of ten thousand maravedis to the fortunate man who should see land first. The *Pinta* was the foremost vessel; and it was from her deck at two o'clock in the morning that land was first seen by Rodrigo de Triana. We cannot but be sorry for this poor common sailor, who got no reward, and of whom they tell a story that, in sadness and despite, he passed into Africa, after his return to Spain, and became a Mahomedan. The pension was adjudged to the Admiral; it was charged somewhat ominously on the shambles of Seville, and was paid him to the day of his death.

It is odd to see how in a passage of this sort it is not the great discoverer but the cheated sailor who enlists our sympathy, and how all the poetry of the "true light" ceases when the sight of it is associated with that charge on the shambles of Seville. In this way, too, all sublimity fades away from the one event of the life which Mr. Helps is sketching; for Columbus is an instance of the strange law which seems to sum up some men's greatness in a single event, to lift them up in the light of it for a moment, and then to let them fall back again into their former littleness. His life began when the *Pinta* sailed past the Bar of Saltes; its greatness ends when Rodrigo cries "land" from the *Pinta's* deck.

It is curious to remark how the sympathy which Mr. Helps denies to Columbus is to a certain extent elicited by the two figures which he has placed beside him on the canvas, Isabella and Henry of Portugal. To the patient student of modern science the voyage of Columbus is a mere lucky hazard, whose justification is simply to be found in its success. But the prince who, from his promontory of Sagres, directs for half a century the maritime advance of Portugal along the African coast, grounding himself at every step on mathematical and geographical reasons, feeling his way in a sort of inductive fashion from cape to cape and headland to headland for 6,000 miles, and dying only six years before his labours were crowned by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, is far more to the taste of to-day. Isabella, too, profits by the same nineteenth-century wave of feeling. The joy and excitement of the dis-



covery of a larger world, so predominant till a hundred years ago, has, now that the career of discovery is at an end and the world is known, faded pretty much away. The moral interest, the importance to the world and its destinies, on the other hand, is nowadays appreciated more and more; and Mr. Helps is only reflecting the sentiment of his day when he tells coldly the tale of American discovery, and grows warm over the protests and efforts of Isabella against the system of "*repartementos*" and slavery. A thought which abides with one in reading books like these is that of the strange delusion which still prevails as to what is the true history of the world. In common historic writing, a figure like that of Prince Henry is hardly seen in the blaze of such a person as our contemporary

Henry V., and yet Agincourt is nothing to the moral revolution which was wrought by the first cargo of Moorish slaves in 1441. The voyage of Sebastian Cabot is glanced at in a line, when the imposture of a Perkin Warbeck covers page upon page; or, to take perhaps the strongest instance we remember, M. Guizot devotes a chapter to the three first Parliaments of King Charles, and not a word to the great emigration of the eleven years of his tyranny which carried 20,000 Puritans to New England, and, in founding its greatness, changed the fortunes of mankind. A day may perhaps come when Parliaments and drums and trumpets will be rated by the historian at their true level, but till that day comes we cannot wonder at what is sometimes called "our English indifference to history."

From The Church of England Magazine.  
THE LOVED AND LOST.

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our onward road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—  
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,  
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,  
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!  
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,  
Why we in patience should await the morrow,  
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,  
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!  
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,  
Who, with his treasure, strove the shore to reach,  
While with the raging waves he battled on,  
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,  
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand  
A little child, had halted by the well  
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,

And tell the tired boy of that bright land  
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,  
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,  
Then pitying, spake, "Give me the little lad;  
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,  
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—  
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"  
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,  
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong  
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;  
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach,  
But there's an inward, spiritual speech;  
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE reprint *The Works of Laurence Sterne* in an octavo of between six and seven hundred pages. If purchasers are found for these volumes, and from the rapidity with which they appear it seems certain that they are found, the English classic authors must be finding a larger public now than they did in their own day. Spectator.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A DOUBLE RESCUE.

It happened, as if by accident, that Eric and Frau Bella walked together, and Bella tried a little experiment to see in what direction it would be safe to venture, by remarking that she was surprised at Eric's understanding her good husband so thoroughly, for it was not so easy to live with him as it seemed. She said this very warily, and it might be taken for simple praise. Eric replied:—

"The world is so much the more indebted to you, gracious lady, for the count has gained new youth through you."

Bella nodded. Eric had quietly and securely taken the first step toward a good understanding; to recognize her sacrifice was a delicate politeness on his part. She went on to speak very enthusiastically of Clodwig, and of her happiness in being able to do anything towards cherishing a pure spirit, without making any demand for herself. It was so beautiful to sacrifice one's self, to serve quietly, unrecognized and unnoticed; and here there came in a word about the childlike mind, so placed that Eric could apply all she had said to his vocation as a teacher.

Eric expressed his agreement with her, simply and without embarrassment, and Frau Bella could not tell whether he had really not understood her, or whether he chose to seem not to understand. She knew how to intimate with delicacy how difficult it was to deal with just such a man as Clodwig, though he seemed so unexact and so yielding; she begged Eric to help her in making the evening of his days completely happy; she said all this with a tone of feeling which was not to be mistaken.

Eric expressed his doubt whether it would be well to disturb so peaceful a life by the introduction of a third person; he acknowledged that he was still wanting in tact, was capricious, and passionate.

"You are so sincere that you have no need of being diffident," answered Bella.

She looked searchingly at Eric; her fan fell, and as he picked it up she gave him her hand in thanks. With much tact and elegance of expression, but with emotion which made her breast heave, she extolled the good fortune which allowed her to devote herself to a noble man, and to have a friend who thoroughly understood her. Eric could not tell whether the latter part of her remark applied to him or to Clodwig.

"There he comes!" cried Bella suddenly. "See, it is a peculiarity of his never to carry a cane, though he needs it."

She went to meet her husband, and he turned his steps towards her. Clodwig seated himself under a fine cedar, where pretty rustic chairs were placed; Eric and Bella stood before him. And now Clodwig explained his whole plan, painting so attractively the pleasantly busy life which they would lead together, that Eric's cheeks glowed. In a voice full of emotion he expressed his gratitude, and said that he felt bound by duty to the decision which his heart had made.

Bella rested one hand on Clodwig's chair, and Eric went on to say that he rejoiced that anything so attractive had been offered him, because he derived thence an assurance that he had chosen the right course, that which accorded with his duty. A great and difficult task was laid upon him in Roland's education, and the very fact, that so different and charming a life was now opened to him, made him happy by renewing and confirming his confidence in his decision; and the offered alternative helped him to recognize his choice as a real duty.

For a while Clodwig looked down, and Bella, taking her hand from his chair, stood suddenly erect. Then, as Eric represented his delight in Roland, and the mysterious, happy attraction which he felt towards him, even towards his faults, Clodwig smiled, as he looked up into the branches, for just as Eric felt drawn to Roland with enthusiastic love, he was drawn to Eric; the sentiments were exactly analogous. Yet he was unwilling to give Eric up, and pointed out to him again that he could not cut off all other influences in educating Roland, but that he would have to contend with elements which perhaps he could never conquer.

"Ah, there comes the doctor," he interrupted himself; "are you willing to call in a third person to the decision?"

"No one but myself can make the decision," answered Eric, "however difficult it may be; but I have not the least objection to entrust the office of umpire to our friend."

This was done; but, to the surprise of all, the physician decided against both parties; he expressed his wish that some one would enable Eric to see Italy and Greece.

Before Clodwig could answer, Eric interposed, saying that he was bent on finding some employment, so that he could support himself and his mother from his own means.

Rising with difficulty, Clodwig said,—  
"Young friend, give me your arm." He stood erect, and turned toward Eric, on whose arm his hand lay heavy and trembling.

"I don't know," said he, "I should not

think I was the man who had been through such hard experience as I have; I am to-day undergoing a bitter experience. Is it old age which makes it so difficult for me to give up a desire? I have learned to do so before now. Yes, yes; a man becomes childish—childish; a child cannot give up.”

He leaned heavily on Eric, who was shaken to the depth of his soul by the emotion of the noble man. He did not know what to reply, and Clodwig continued:—

“I feel as if I knew not where I am. Do you not think it is very close?”

“No. Will you not sit down?”

Hastily loosing his hold of Eric's arm to pass his hand over his face, Clodwig said,—

“My young friend, when I die—”

Hardly had he uttered the word, when he sank down; Eric caught him in his arms. Bella, who was walking behind with the physician, uttered a cry; the physician hurried to the spot; Eric stooped, raised Clodwig in his arms like a child—all this was the work of a moment.

Clodwig was carried into the great drawing-room, and laid upon a sofa. Bella sobbed aloud, but the doctor soothed her. He had a remedy with him which soon restored Clodwig to consciousness; he begged Eric and Bella to leave the room as soon as the count had spoken.

Outside, Bella threw herself on Eric's breast, and he trembled as he felt her breath on his face, and a thrill ran through him as the beautiful woman leaned upon him in such passionate and unrestrained excitement.

“You are our helper, our friend in need! O my friend, my friend!”

Sonnenkamp entered hastily, and Bella, standing erect, with wonderful composure addressed him, saying,—

“Herr Sonnenkamp, our mutual friend, Captain Dournay, is a blessing to us all; with the strength of a giant he carried my husband. Thank him with me.”

Eric was astonished at this rapid recovery of self-control.

The physician came out, and Sonnenkamp asked anxiously,—

“How is he? how is he?”

His mind was set at rest by the doctor's declaration that it had been a very slight attack, which would have no bad consequences. Clodwig requested that Eric would come to him.

Eric entered the drawing-room. Clodwig sitting upright held out his hand to Eric, saying, with a wonderfully bright smile,—

“I must finish my sentence; I was going to say: When I die, my young friend, I should like to have you near me. But

don't be anxious, it will not be for a long time yet. There, now sit down by me. Where is my wife?”

Eric went to call her, and she entered, with the physician and Sonnenkamp.

The doctor was not only willing, but expressly desired that Bella and Clodwig should return directly to Wolfsgarten. Sonnenkamp raised various objections, wishing to keep his noble guests with him, and saying with great hospitality,—

“Consider my house exactly as if it were your own.”

“Will you permit Herr Dournay to accompany us?” asked Clodwig.

Sonnenkamp started as he answered quickly,—

“I have no permission to give the captain, but if you are determined to go, I would ask him as a favor to accompany you, with a promise of returning to us.”

“You will go with us also?” begged Bella of the physician, who assented.

So the four drove off through the mild spring night; little was said, though once Clodwig seized Eric's hand, with the words, “You are very strong.”

Eric and the doctor spent the night at Wolfsgarten. In the early morning, the physician prepared for departure while Eric was still sleeping soundly; he woke him and said,—

“Doctor, remain here to-day, but no longer.”

Eric stared at him.

“Did you understand me?”

“Yes.”

“Now, good-bye.”

Again Eric spent a whole day at Wolfsgarten. Clodwig was as cheerful and serene as ever; Bella's bearing toward Eric was shy, almost timid.

In the evening Sonnenkamp and Roland rode over, and Eric returned with them to Villa Eden. Sonnenkamp was in very good spirits, and the blood mounted to Eric's face as he said, looking sharply at him,—

“Countess Bella will make a beautiful widow.”

On the evening of the following day the physician appeared again at Villa Eden; he had been at Wolfsgarten and brought a good report. He took Eric aside, and said,—

“You have confided to me that you neither expect, nor will accept in a personal interview, a decisive answer from Herr Sonnenkamp. I approve of that; it can be much better settled by letter. You will see more clearly, away from him, and so will he. So I advise you to leave the

house; every hour that you remain is your ruin."

"My ruin?" Eric was startled.

The physician said, smiling, —

"Yes, my dear friend, this forced exhibition of yourself, which has now lasted almost a week, is injuring you."

He continued, after a pause, —

"No man can be on parade for a week without receiving some harm. You must go away, or you will become an actor, or a preacher, or both together. You repeat what you have learned, and repeat it with the conscious purpose of producing a given effect. Therefore away with you! you have been examining, and examined, long enough. Come with me, spend the night at my house; to-morrow return to your mother, and wait quietly for what may come next."

"But Roland," asked Eric, "how can I leave the boy behind? His heart has turned to me, as mine has to him."

"That's well, very well. Then let him wait and long for you. Let him learn that the rich cannot have everything. Let him feel obliged to sue for you. All that will give you a power of incalculable influence in the family and over your pupil. Let me act for you now; to-morrow morning you will see with my eyes."

"There is my hand. I'll go with you!" answered Eric.

There was great surprise in the house when the announcement of Eric's sudden departure was made; an hour had scarcely elapsed when he entered the physician's carriage.

Eric was glad that his leave-taking of Roland was hurried. The boy could not understand what had happened; his emotion prevented him from speaking. After Eric had seated himself in the doctor's carriage, Roland came with one of the puppies and laid it in his lap, but the physician gave it back, saying that he could not take it, it was too young to be taken from the mother; but he would see that Eric should have it eventually.

Roland gazed wonderingly after the departing guests. In the boy's heart there was a confused whirl of all the feelings which he had experienced in the few days since Eric's arrival; but Eric did not look back. In his father's house the boy felt as if abandoned in a strange land. He took the young dog by the nape of the neck, and was about to throw it from him, but the puppy whimpered pitifully, and he pressed it to his breast, saying, — "Be quiet, nothing is hurting you; but I'm not a dog, and I don't whine, now don't you whine

any more either. He didn't want either of us." Roland carried the dog to its mother, who was very glad to see her pup again.

"I'll go to my mother, too," said Roland; but he had first to be announced. She allowed him to enter, and when he lamented that Eric had gone so suddenly, she said, —

"That's right; I advised him to go."

"You? Why?"

"Oh, your stupid *why*! One can't be always answering your *why*!"

Roland was silent, and his mother's kiss almost pained him.

He wanted to go to his father, but found that he had driven to the castle with the Major.

Deserted and lonely, he stood in the court; at last he went into the stable, sat down by his dogs and watched their amusing actions; then he went to his horse, and stood quietly leaning on his neck for a long time. Strange thoughts rolled tumultuously through the boy's brain. The horse and dog are yours; only what one can buy and possess is his own.

Like a flash of lightning, just seen, then gone again, there woke in the boy's soul the idea that nothing but love can give one human being possession of another. He was not used to steady thinking, and this into which he had fallen brought on a real headache. He had his horse saddled, and rode off over the road which Eric and the doctor had taken.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PRACTICAL NATURE.

ERIC sat quiet and thoughtful by the doctor's side, and was disturbed by no word from him, seeming to himself to be driven hither and thither by wind and wave. A few days before, he had ridden to this place on a stranger's horse, and now he sat in a stranger's carriage; he had become intermingled with the life and destiny of so many persons, and this could no longer count for anything in his and their existence. He could not anticipate, however, that an unexpected event was awaiting him.

"You believe then in education?" asked the doctor at last.

"I don't understand what you mean."

"I place no dependence whatever on education; men become what nature fits them to be. They attain, under all relations, what is called their destiny. As the human being lies in his cradle, so he lies in his coffin. Some little help comes from talents and capabilities, but as a whole they

are only incidental; the natural bias gives the home blow."

Eric had no heart to enter upon these discussions; he was weary of this everlasting game of words.

The doctor continued:—

"I have a peculiar grudge against these people; it vexes me that these rich people should buy for themselves the fragrant fruits of higher culture; then, again, I am consoled by the word of Him who stood at the very centre of thought, and said, 'A rich man cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' The rich are too heavily ballasted; they have a pampered existence, they are removed far from the actual needs of life, and they withdraw themselves from the natural influences of the seasons; they flit into different climates and out of them again, and everywhere they have comfortably prepared swallow-nests. It would be an intolerable heartlessness of fate, if, without any irksome toil, they are to have also the higher joys as a possession, which belong alone to us."

"There is no royal road to geometry, is Euclid's saying," Eric interposed; "science and knowledge are acquired only through labor, and what I want to do with this boy can all be comprehended in one word: I want to give him self-activity."

"Just so," replied the physician; "yes, that's it! we who live to the spirit have the advantage over the rich in this respect, that we are alone by ourselves; the rich man does not know the silent growth in the dewy stillness of solitude; he always has so much, he never has himself, and never himself alone. This is what I understand by that verse of the Bible, 'What shall it profit thee, if thou shalt gain the whole world, and lose thine own soul? That is to say, Art never alone in thyself with thyself? He who has nowhere to lay his head, he can yet carry his head high and free. You see it was to some purpose that I studied theology for two years, until I came to see that though much cannot be effected, yet more is to be done by practising quackery on the body, than on the soul."

The doctor could not speak, he laughed so heartily. At last he said,—

"The great question always is, how receptivity itself confers upon one all that is desirable. That would be your principal task, to awaken and to perfect in Roland his power of receptivity. He must first of all, be taught in a regular way. In what he knows of the world, he is yet a child, and in what he desires of the world, he is a man, one may say a live man."

Eric had much to say in reply, but he

smiled to himself, for he thought how easy it is to theorize. The doctor had justly found fault with him for enlarging upon so many topics, and now he was to perceive that he could be silent. He said nothing, and the doctor continued:—

"As to the rest, I can tender you effectual aid, if you conclude to accept the position. Pity that you are not a medical man; as I look at it, no one but a physician should be an educator. Have you taken notice that the young fellow has a poor digestion? a young man in these times ought to be able to digest pebble-stones! I cannot bring it about that only simple kinds of food should be given him. The noble and the rich eat without hunger, and drink without thirst. This young man can have everything but one real, substantial enjoyment. It is a small matter, but take it just for an example: Roland receives no enjoyment from new clothes. Now strike this joy out of your childhood, out of your youth. I must confess, that I can take pleasure for weeks in a well-fitting garment, as often as I put it on. What are you smiling at?" the physician interrupted himself.

"I am thinking of a theological friend," answered Eric. "How he would be astonished, if any one should say to him, that the fall, which brought with it the consciousness of nakedness, has become the very foundation of all the enjoyment that comes from weaving, making, and sewing clothes."

The doctor smiled too, but he stuck to his subject, and went on,—

"Food and clothes are of the greatest importance, but the third most important thing is sleep; it is the regulator of life. Air, nourishment, and sleep are the three fundamental conditions of vegetative life. I believe, captain, that I know something about you already, but I cannot pronounce a full verdict upon you, until I have seen you sleep. Our nineteenth century sleeps poorly; our education, our labor, and our politics ought to be so arranged that people can once more get better sleep. I should like to be able to write a history of sleep, showing how different nations and different ages have slept; that would lay bare to us the deepest roots of all the manifestations of civilization. As far as regards Roland, there is in him a strange blending of temperaments from the father's and the mother's constitution."

The doctor pictured out the muscular organization of Sonnenkamp, and the struggle he was obliged to make every moment with his violent natural tendencies. "A cer-



tain indomitable energy in him always enters a disclaimer against his mildness, which is at once seen to be a result of self-compulsion and of voluntary effort. He is a suppressed pugilist, and he has in fact, as he once himself boasted in an unguarded moment, an iron fist. The old Germans must have possessed this stalwart force, who, with their naked arms, overthrew and crushed the mail-clad Romans."

The physician laughed, and he could hardly succeed in narrating how, when he first saw Sonnenkamp, he always looked for the club which seemed to belong to such a man's hand. When he behaved in a friendly way, then it seemed always as if he said, Be quiet, I won't hurt you. And moreover, Sonnenkamp had a heart-disease, according to all pathologic signs, and he was obliged, therefore, to guard against every agitating emotion.

He cautioned Eric, particularly, not to make easy terms with Sonnenkamp when he came to a definite understanding, for if he did he would lose all hold upon him.

"You see," he said, "the priests, and we physicians, always give our masses and receipts in Latin; for who would gulp down for us sulphuric acid, if that were written on the paper in good German? So you will see that you can make an impression upon Herr Sonnenkamp only by a certain mysterious loftiness; otherwise he fancies that he can make quick work with you."

The doctor then gave a very humorous description of the sleepy existence of Frau Ceres, to whom the sharp-tongued, but still more envious Countess Wolfsgarten had given the epithet "crocodile," because she really had some of the traits of that monster as he basks in the sun. For Herr Sonnenkamp, there was no mode of activity in which he could let out his energies; and for Frau Ceres, there was no exertion that was not an effort. She was not really to be blamed for having her dress changed three times a day, without sticking in a single pin herself; that she walked about her chamber for hours together, looked at herself from every point of view, fed her parrot, played "patience," and cherished her nails. The poor creature ought always to live simply and naturally, but even those more highly endowed cannot do that. She was indeed weak and dependent, but she was also artful and capricious.

Eric was on the point of confiding to the doctor his interview with Frau Ceres, but before he could open his lips, the doctor began to narrate:—

"It may be now almost a year since an

occurrence took place which I could not have believed possible. I was sent for to the villa. The daughter of the house was in a condition of muscular rigidity, and at the same time delirium, which I could not comprehend. Fräulein Perini told me that the girl had clasped her hands together so tightly, that they had been drawn apart only by the aid of two servants, although the girl herself opposed no resistance, and when I came the fingers were still clenched. I could never find out what extreme mental excitement could have produced such a condition of the body; I could only learn this much, that Herr Sonnenkamp had refused his wife something or other which she strongly desired. She revenged herself by confiding to her daughter, who had hitherto revered her father as a higher being, something which put the poor girl into this state of excitement. But when she recovered, she continued melancholy, until they sent her to the convent, where she gained new animation."

Eric turned the conversation to the reasons why Sonnenkamp was so much hated and calumniated. The physician readily took up the subject, and explained that the poor nobility looked out for every blemish as a natural defence against a man of such immeasurable wealth, who almost personally insulted them by his outlays. Herr von Franken was the only one favorably disposed towards him, and he was so, not merely because he wanted to marry his daughter, but there was also a natural attraction to each other, for Herr Sonnenkamp was deeply interested in himself, and Herr von Franken deluded his neighbor as himself. "And now, my friend," concluded the physician, "now see to it, how you come into this house with the right understanding."

"I have one request," Eric at last began. "Let me hear what you would say to a friend concerning me, if I were absent. Will you do that?"

"Certainly; this is what I intended to do. You are an idealist. Ah! how hard a time people have with their ideal! You idealists, you who are always thinking, toiling, and feeling for others, you seem to me like a landlord who has an inn on the road, or in some beautiful situation. He must get everything in readiness, and pray to God all the time: Send good weather and many guests! He himself cannot control either weather or guests. So the counsel is very simple. Don't be a landlord of the inn of ideality, but eat and drink, yourself, with a good zest, and don't think of others; they will themselves call for their own portion,

or bring it with them in their knapsack; if not, they can go hungry and thirsty. I have found that there are only two ways of coming to terms with life: either to be wholly out with the world, or wholly out with one's self. The youth of to-day have yet a third way: it is to be at the same time out with the world and with themselves.

"That is, I am sorry to say, my case."

"And just for that reason," continued the doctor, taking off his huge glove, and laying his hand on Eric's shoulder, "just for that reason, I should desire for you some different lot—I don't know what—I cannot think of any."

A long row of wagons loaded with stripped beach-boughs came along the road. The physician gave the information that they had already extracted from these branches various chemical substances, and now they were carrying them to a powder-mill. Eric said that he knew it, that he had been ordered to a powder-mill in the mountains for a long time, and was employed there.

The doctor was silent, and looking up, he saw that some one was greeting him. An open carriage drawn by two dapple-gray horses came towards them, and a handsome young man, sitting in it and driving himself, was already bowing from a distance.

The doctor ordered his carriage to be stopped.

"Welcome!" he cried to the young man. They shook hands from their vehicles, and the doctor asked,—

"How are Louise and the children?"

"All well."

"Have you been to your mother's?"

"Yes."

"How are your parents?"

"They are well too."

The doctor introduced the young man as Herr Henry Weidmann, his sister's son-in-law.

"Are you the son of the Herr Weidmann whom I have so often heard of?"

"Most certainly."

"Where is your father now?" asked the doctor.

"Yonder there in the village; they are considering about establishing a powder-mill."

Something seemed to come into the doctor's mind like a flash; he turned quickly round to Eric, but did not utter a word. The young man asked excuse for his haste, as he was obliged to be at the station at a particular hour, and soon took leave.

The young Weidmann said hurriedly to Eric, that he hoped this would not be their

last meeting, and that next time he hoped they would not pass each other in this way, and that his father would be glad to see him.

The two carriages drove on, each in its own direction.

The doctor informed Eric that his sister's son-in-law was a practical chemist, and he murmured to himself,—

"Trump called for, trump shown." Eric did not understand him; he thought, smiling, how Franken had spoken of Weidmann's sons, with the impertinently white teeth.

The carriage drove on. Just as they were entering the next village, the steam-boat from the upper Rhine came along; the doctor ordered the coachman to drive as rapidly as possible, in order to reach the landing in time. They went at a tearing gallop. The doctor cried,—

"I have it now! I have it now!" He struck Eric's arm at the same time, as if he were giving a blow upon the table that would make the glasses jingle, and holding it with no gentle grasp.

The carriage reached the landing just as the plank was thrown from it to the steam-boat. The doctor got out quickly, and told the coachman to say to his wife that he would not be home until evening; then he took Eric by the arm, and went with him on board the boat. Only after it had got under way, could Eric ask him if he were going to visit a patient. The doctor nodded; he thought that he was safe in saying so, for he had a patient with him whom he was curing constitutionally.

The physician was immediately greeted by acquaintances on board, and a company around a punch-bowl invited him and his friend to join them; he touched glasses, but did not drink, for he said that he never took mixed drinks. The company was merry; a deformed passenger played upon an accordion, and accompanied the singing.

On the deck, at a little table upon which stood a bottle of champagne in a wine-cooler, the wine-cavalier was seated, and opposite him was a handsome woman, with a great deal of false hair, and also peculiarly attractive charms of her own. They were smoking cigarettes, and chatting very fast in French. The wine-cavalier avoided meeting the physician's eye, and the physician nodded to himself, as much as to say, "Good, a little shame yet left."

When they came in sight of the village which his son-in-law had mentioned, the doctor told Eric that he would now inform him directly that he was going with him to Weidmann's; he was the man who understood how to help him, and his advice was

to be unconditionally followed. For a time Eric was perplexed, but then it appeared to him again as a strangely interesting thing, that now perhaps he was to pass through an entirely new and unanticipated examination. He and the doctor entered the boat which landed the passengers from the steamboat, and those on board, with glass in hand, bade them farewell; the steamboat was soon out of sight. Even the boatman knew the doctor, and said to him, greeting him in a familiar way,—

"You will find Herr Weidmann yonder in the garden."

They landed at the quiet village. Eric was introduced to Weidmann. He was a lean man, and, at first sight, seemed uninteresting; his features had an expression of quiet self-possession and intelligence, but in his gleaming eye lay a burning enthusiasm. Weidmann sat with several persons at a table, on which were papers, bottles, and glasses.

He nodded in a friendly way, and then turned to the persons with whom he had been conversing.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### STRIVE TO MAKE MONEY.

It is not well to hear a man so much spoken of and praised, before seeing him face to face. It seemed incomprehensible to Eric how this man exerted such a wide influence, and impossible for himself to enter into his life. The doctor was immediately called away, for the landlord's father being sick, his arrival was regarded as very fortunate. Eric walked up and down the shore; he seemed to himself to be thrown into a strange world, and to be borne along by strange potencies. How long it was since he had left Roland, how long since he went by this village, which was then to him only a name! Now, perhaps, some eventful occurrence was to take place here, and the name of this village to be stamped indelibly upon his life.

"Herr Captain, Herr Weidmann wishes me to ask you to come into the garden," the boatman cried to him.

Eric went back into the garden, where Weidmann came to him, with an entirely different mien, saying that he would now, for the first time, bid him welcome; previously he had been very busy. A short time afterwards the doctor also came.

The three now seated themselves at the table in a corner of the garden, where there was an extensive prospect, and Weidmann began in a humorous way to depict the heroic treatment of the doctor's practice, who

liked to deal in drastic remedies. A suitable point of agreement was established between Eric and Weidmann, while they united in a facetious, but entirely respectful assault upon the doctor.

Eric learned that the doctor had already proposed that he should undertake the superintendence of the powder-mill. Weidmann, in the meanwhile, explained that the difficulties were too great, and that the government threw in the way all sorts of obstacles, although they wanted principally to open a market in the New World, and with this view, his nephew, Doctor Fritz, had sent over from America, and had well recommended, one of the men with whom he had just been conversing. And his nephew desired that they would find some experienced German artillery officer, who would emigrate to America, and there take charge of a manufactory of gunpowder and matches, with the sure prospect of soon making a fortune.

The doctor looked towards Eric, but he smiled and shook his head in the negative.

Weidmann informed them further, that a discovery had been lately made of a deposit of manganese, and that they were desirous of forming a company to work the mine; that a man who knew how to regulate matters might easily make himself acquainted with the business.

He also looked inquiringly at Eric, and then made him the direct offer of a considerable salary, and an increasing share of the profits.

Eric declined, courteously and gratefully, as he had not entirely decided whether he would engage at all in any new pursuit. The doctor entered warmly into the matter, and extolled the superiority of our age, in which men of ripe scientific attainments devoted themselves to active employments, and, through their independent property, created a commonalty such as no period of history had ever before known.

"This is ours, this is ours," we commoners can say. Don't you think so?"

"Most certainly."

"Now then, go thou and do likewise."

And he added to this, how glad the Weidmann family would be to receive him into their circle.

Eric smilingly replied, that he felt obliged to decline this very friendly offer; that he valued very highly the independence which property gives, but was not adapted to a life of acquisition.

"Indeed?" cried the doctor, and there was something of contempt in his tone.

"Do you know how the question of our age is put? It is, To use, or to be used?"

Why are you willing to be used by this Herr Sonnenkamp?"

"You surely would not want me to use other people, and appropriate to myself the product of their labor?"

"It is not well," interposed Weidmann, "to generalize in this way upon a wholly personal question. I see—I expected that the utter separation of the rich and the poor would vitally interest you; but here we have our doctor, and he will agree with me, that it is with the so-called social maladies as with those of the body. We know to-day, better than any period has ever known, the scientific diagnosis of disease, but we are ignorant of the specific remedy, and a disease must be known a long time, and known very thoroughly, before its method of cure is discovered; yet we must put up with it, in the meantime, and let it pass."

"Have you had no craving to be rich?" the doctor cried, apparently excited.

"It would be unwise to have a craving for what I cannot obtain through my own capabilities."

Weidmann's eye was quietly fixed upon Eric's countenance; the latter was aware of it, and whilst he thought, at this moment, that he could with a motion of his hand quietly relinquish all the offered riches of the world, the temptation came over his soul. What it would be for one to be free from all the cares of life, and to be able to devote himself to life itself; and he saw also how he could gratify every wish of his mother and his aunt.

But no; the first wish of his mother will be that he should remain true to himself. And the more Clodwig there, and here the physician, wanted to turn him aside from his vocation, so much the clearer was it to him, that he not only must abide by that vocation, but that he also had incurred a moral obligation to Roland.

Weidmann related that he had received a letter from New York, from his nephew, Doctor Fritz, who was going to send immediately his young daughter to be educated in Germany. The conversation now turned upon persons and things with which Eric was unacquainted.

The boatman came to inform them that the last steamboat was now coming up the river.

The doctor and Eric took hasty leave of Weidmann, who warmly shook Eric's hand, and requested him to claim his help in any situation in life where he could be of service.

The physician and Eric got into the boat and were rowed to the steamboat. Hardly

a word was spoken by them during the passage to the town, where they were to disembark.

When they reached it, men and women were walking under the newly-planted lindens, for it is always a significant event of the day when the steamboat arrives, which remains here over night. The wife of the doctor was also at the landing, and she went homeward with Eric and her husband. She was very friendly to Eric, whom she had already met at Wolfsgarten; Eric, indeed, had no recollection of her, for at that time he had scarcely noticed, in fact, the modest, silent woman.

Many persons were waiting at the house for the physician. Eric was shown into his chamber, and then into the library; he was glad to see that the physician kept abreast with all the new investigations of his science, and he hoped through his help to fill up many a gap in his own knowledge.

The twilight came on; as Eric was sitting quietly in a large chair, he heard a horse trotting by the house. He involuntarily stood up, and looked out; he thought that the rider who had just passed was Roland, or had only his own imagination, and his continual thinking about the boy, deluded him?

There was an air of comfort in the physician's house, and everything gave evidence of solid prosperity; but the physician was obliged to go from the tea-table to a neighboring village.

Eric walked with the doctor's wife along the pretty road on the bank of the river, and there was a double satisfaction in her words, as she said that she greatly desired that her husband could have constant intercourse with such a mentally active friend as Eric, for he often felt himself lonely here in the town, and he was often obliged to depend wholly upon himself.

Eric was happy, for he perceived in this not only a friendly appreciation of himself, but also the deep and intelligent esteem of the wife, who would like to bestow upon her husband a permanent blessing.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A CHEERFUL LITTLE TOWN.

THERE was a genuine neighborly feeling among the inhabitants of this small town. People called out to friends who were standing at the windows and on the balconies, or walking in the streets; groups were formed, where much chatting and jesting went on, while from windows, here

and there piano-playing and singing were heard.

The justice's wife and her daughter Lina joined Eric and his hostess. People were surprised that he was leaving Sonnenkamp's house, as the report had already spread that he was to remain there. And now Eric learned that Roland had really ridden through the town, passing several times before the physician's house, and letting his horse prance so that it frightened one to look at him.

Lina was burning with eagerness to speak to Eric alone for a moment, and she found her opportunity when they met the school-director and his wife, and the two elder ladies stopped to inquire about the health of the forester's wife, who lived in the director's house. Lina went on with Eric, and said abruptly:—

"Do you know that your pupil Roland has a sister?"

"Certainly. I have heard so."

"Heard so? Why, you have seen her. She was the young girl with the star on her forehead, and the wings, who met us in the twilight on the cloister steps."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Ah, indeed!" mimicked Lina. "Oh! you men are dreadful; I have always thought that you —"

She stopped and Eric asked:—

"That I—what of me?"

"Ah, mother is right, I am too heedless and clumsy, and say everything that comes into my head; I should have believed you now —"

"That you may do; it is a sin to be untrue, and a double sin to be so towards you."

"Well then," said Lina, taking off her straw hat, and shaking the curls in her neck, "well then, if you will honestly confess, that Manna made an impression on you at that time, I will tell you something; but you must be frank and sincere."

"My dear young lady, do you think I would say no? You tempt me not to be sincere."

"Well then, I'll tell you—but please keep it to yourself won't you?—Manna asked me who you were, and that's a great deal from her. Oh, Herr Captain, wealth is a dreadful thing; people offer themselves only for the sake of a girl's money—no, I didn't mean to say that—but try to manage that Manna shall not be a nun."

"Can I prevent it?"

"Did you see the wooden shoes that the nuns wore? Horrid! Manna would have

to wear those shoes, and she has the prettiest little foot."

"But why shouldn't she be a nun, if she wants to?"

Lina was puzzled, she was not prepared for such an answer. She remembered, too, that she was a good Catholic.

"Ah," she said plaintively, "I fancied to myself—I am a silly child, am I not?—in old times a knight used to enter a castle disguised as a squire or something else—well, I thought now the squire must be a tutor and then—"

She could not go on with her fancy sketch, for her mother overtook them, rather anxious lest her daughter had made some of her dreadfully simple speeches in her walk with the stranger.

"May one know what you are talking about so earnestly?" asked the Justice's wife. Lina drew a long breath, and put her hat-elastic in her mouth, which her mother had often forbidden, as Eric answered with great unconcern,—

"Your daughter has been reminding me that I was not very attentive when we first met on the convent island. I must ask your pardon now, madame. It relieves my mind of a burden of self-reproach to have the opportunity of excusing myself to you, and I earnestly beg that you will carry my apologies to your husband. One meets in travelling so many people who think to make themselves of importance by being ill-tempered, that one catches the unfriendly spirit, and harms himself the most. If I had not had the good fortune to meet you again, a little misunderstanding would have remained between us. Ah! on such a beautiful evening, by your beautiful river, where people are so friendly and cheerful, one longs to do some good to every one he meets, and to say, Rejoice with me, dear fellow-mate, dancing in the sunlight, for the little time which is called life."

Eric was very animated, and the Justice's wife much pleased with his demeanor. The evening walk was most refreshing. Lina directly gave up to her mother the place next Eric, and walked on the other side of the doctor's wife. The walk lasted a long time, till the doctor's carriage was heard in the distance by his wife, who knew the sound of its wheels before the others could distinguish anything.

The doctor joined them with a fresh fund of cheerfulness, saying,—

"I was sent for to receive a confession, and now I have lost an excellent reminder."

He went on to tell them that a man had lived in the next village, the sight of whom



had always given him a stab in the heart, for the man had sworn a false oath about a hundred florins which he owed him. But as time went on, he had become quite grateful to this person for serving him as a reviver of his faith, because every time he met him he felt a fresh belief in the meanness of mankind, which one easily forgets. Now, before his death, the man had confessed to him and given back the money. So here he was, a hundred florins richer, but he had lost his faith. How could he laugh now at the world, if he had no longer the meanness of men to laugh at?

"What will you do now with the hundred florins?" asked Lina.

"What would you do with them?"

"I don't know."

"What would you do, captain?" said the physician, turning suddenly to Eric; "what would you do, if you had a million to give away?"

"I?" asked Eric, somewhat taken aback. He did not understand the reason of the sudden question.

"Yes, you."

"I never thought about it, but first I would find valuable scholarships at all the German universities. The man of wealth ought to be able to reflect how he is cultivating the mind of the man of genius."

"Good," answered the doctor, "every one thinks first of his own circle. Here's my little friend Lina; if she had a million to give away, she would spend it all on blue muslin, and dress all the female world in it. Wouldn't you, Musselina?"

Lina was silent, and her mother said, "Give some smart answer; can't you think of one?" Lina apparently could not think of one, but there was a pleasant, merry tone in the intercourse between the doctor and the child.

After their friends left them, the doctor said to Eric, —

"You can become familiar with a new method of instruction here. The Justice's lady tries with all her might to make her daughter a pert, worldly chatterbox, but fortunately the child has a simple, genuine nature which can't be spoiled, and when you talk with her alone she is full of bubbling life, and rightly deserves the name of Musselina."

The doctor was more friendly than ever in his bearing towards Eric, for he saw that he had wished to interfere in his life too hastily and roughly. He expressed regret that Eric had not seen Herr Weidmann to advantage that day, as the latter had been preoccupied, or something had gone wrong with him, and he advised Eric not

to adopt a wrong impression in regard to him. The doctor smiled, well pleased, when Eric replied that he should not allow himself to form an opinion of a view on the Rhine which every one admired, if he had seen it only through rain or mist. The physician had evidently been thinking much of Eric during his drive; he always addressed him to-day as Herr Captain in a very marked manner, and he explained this when he held out his hand in bidding him good-night, by saying, —

"You are the first soldier with whom I have ever been able to live quite comfortably. With all other officers, I have always had a feeling of — I can't say fear, exactly — but a certain consciousness of being unarmed in the presence of an armed man. You soldiers always have an air of preparation, of readiness for attack, in which there's much that's good. I take back my words; perhaps a soldier can be a still better educator than a physician. Well, good-night!"

When Eric was alone, everything vanished which he had seen or experienced during the day, and Roland's form alone remained before him. He tried to fancy what the boy's thoughts were in riding after him. He sought to transport himself into the boy's state of feeling; he could not entirely do so, for Roland was full of anger with Eric, for deserting one who was so truly and fondly devoted to him. The boy felt as if he had been robbed, and so he rode over to the town fancying that Eric must be coming to meet him, or must be watching for him at the window; he rode back weeping with anger.

The world, of which he was to possess so much, appeared to him worthless and strange, while it seemed to Eric, who had nothing but his own thoughts, bathed in a dew of blessing. In the stillness of the night he thought over the hospitable and homelike reception he had met from Clodwig, and now from the physician, and hospitality seemed to him the purest fruit of noble manhood. In ancient times men entertained gods and angels, and they still entertained them, for in freely offering what one has to a stranger, whose very existence was yesterday unknown, the divine is unfolded in the pure soul.

Up yonder at Wolfsgarten, Eric had met with a fatherly good-will, based upon congeniality of thought — here with the doctor, as much goodwill as difference of opinion; but here, too, that personal friendliness which is so satisfying and home-like.

There was Bella who always wished to make an impression in her own behalf, and

here was the doctor's wife, who wished nothing for herself, who thanked Eric in her heart, and wished only that her husband might have the good fortune to be able to talk over learned subjects with another man. And were these many forms, were all these events, to be only the passing occurrences of a journey?

## CHAPTER XIII.

## AGAIN ALONE WITH THYSELF.

"In the morning," the doctor often said, "I am like a washed chimney-sweeper." He rose, summer and winter, at five o'clock, studied uninterruptedly several hours, and answered only the most pressing calls from his patients. Through this practice of study he not only kept up his scientific knowledge, but as he bathed his body in fresh water, so was he also mentally invigorated; let come what would of the day, he had made sure of his portion of science. And that was the reason—we may congratulate ourselves upon knowing this secret—that was the reason why the doctor was so wide awake, so ready primed, and so vivacious. He himself designated these morning hours to an old fellow-student as his camel-hours, when he drank himself full, so that he could often refresh himself with a draught in the dry desert. And life, moreover, did not seem to him a desert, for he had something which thrived everywhere, and was all-prevailing, and *that* was an indestructible cheerfulness, and an equanimity, which he attributed above all to his sound digestion.

So was he sitting now; and when he heard Eric, whose room was over his study, getting up, he sent word to him to come soon to breakfast; and in this hour the freshness of the man was yet wholly unimpaired. His wife, who had to be busy, or rather, who made herself busy about household matters, in order not to oblige her husband to enter into any conversation on less learned matters, had soon gone into the garden, in which flourished many scions and seeds of various kinds out of Sonnenkamp's garden. But the doctor conversed with Eric upon no scientific topics.

In the breakfast-room there hung portraits of the parents and the grand-parents of the physician, and he took occasion to give some account of his own life. His grandfather and father had been boat-men, and the doctor had been present at the golden wedding of both, and expressed his hope to celebrate also his own. And after he had portrayed his own struggle with life,

he proceeded to ask Eric about his pecuniary affairs, and those of his mother.

Eric disclosed the whole state of the case; he described how his mother had noble and rich friends, on whom she placed great expectations, but he did not believe in, and to speak honestly, he did not desire, any help of that sort. The doctor asserted in confirmation, that no one would help them substantially and handsomely; he unfolded, as he went along, wholly heretical views upon beneficence; he expatiated upon the nonsense of leaving endowments and legacies in one's will, and on scattering small donations. He thought it was much handsomer, and more permanently beneficial, to make an individual or a family entirely independent, so that they may thereby be the means of accomplishing greater good. He stated that he had often attempted to bring this about; nothing of this kind was to be effected with Herr Sonnenkamp, who would have nothing further to do with people into whose hat he had cast an alms.

The conversation, in this way, having once more turned upon Sonnenkamp, the doctor offered to take upon himself all the external financial arrangements with Sonnenkamp, insisting upon Eric's consent to his doing so.

"And do you take no farther trouble about this man," said the doctor, opening an egg. "See, it is all a fair exchange. We devour this egg with the greatest zest, while the hen got her living out of the manure-heap."

Eric was happy with this lively, practical man. He expressed his satisfaction that, here in this little town, there were so many noble persons, who could constitute a rich social environment. The doctor contested this, for he considered that the necessity of being thrown upon one another, and the not being able to make a selection, as one can do in a great city, belittled, contracted, and created gossip. One had, indeed, in a great city, no larger circle than was here formed for the direct participation in the various duties of life, but the necessity of contracting marriages within such a limited circle did not permit the existence of a free social community.

"On the whole," he said in conclusion, "we are no more to each other than a good whist-party."

It was time to think of departing. Eric left the house with a feeling of serene satisfaction. The doctor drove him to the nearest railroad station, where he got out and warmly shook Eric's hand, repeating the wish that they might be able to live together.

The train, meanwhile, stopped longer than

usual at the little station, waiting the arrival of the train from the lower Rhine which was behind time. A merry crowd of men, young and old, greeted the doctor and seated themselves in the same car with Eric. The doctor told him that they were wine-testers, who were going to a sale which was to take place to-day at the wine-count's cellar. He called Eric's attention specially to a jovial-looking man, the gauger, the finest judge of wine in the district. The doctor laughed heartily when Eric said to him, that he had also gone about the whole district testing wines, that is, the spiritual wine of character.

"Strange how you make an application of everything!" laughed the physician. "Count Wolfsgarten, Pranken, Bella, Sonnenkamp, the huntsman, Sevenpiper, Muselina, Weidmann, Fräulein Perini, the Major, the priest, I, and Roland—a fine specimen-catalogue of wines. Look out that you do not stagger as you come out of the wine-cellar."

The doctor suddenly turned round, and cried:—

"You may yet induce me to put something in print. I am verily of the opinion, that though there must be some consumers who are not producers, there are no graduated German heads that don't want, at some time or other, to write a book; perhaps that helps them to study. And when you come again, you will, perhaps, bring me to the point of writing my history of sleep."

The train from the lower Rhine whistled, and the doctor, grasping Eric's hand again, said with emotion,—

"We are friends! take notice, that if either one of us is to be no longer the other's friend, he pledges himself to give a week's notice. And now farewell."

The last word was cut off, for the locomotive whistled, and Eric set out towards home.

He was sitting with downcast eyes when he heard some one in the car say,—

"There's young Sonnenkamp on horse-back!"

Eric looked out, and caught one more

glimpse of Roland, just as he disappeared behind a little hill.

Eric heard nothing of the lively talk, often interrupted by loud laughter, which the wine-party kept up; he had much in the past and future to think over, and he was glad when the party left the car at the next station, and he remained alone. He felt some repentance, and some doubt whether he had not acted wrongly and unwisely in not concluding an arrangement with Sonnenkamp, but he soon took courage again and cast his regret behind him.

We are rapidly rolled along by the power of steam. And in spirit? How far are we masters of our destiny?

At several stations, school-boys, with their satchels on their backs, entered Eric's car. He learned, in answer to his questions, that they lived with their parents in country-houses and distant villages, but went every day to school in the city, returning home in the evening. Eric thought long on the new race of youths which is growing up; taking their places in the noisy railway-train in the early morning, then assembling for instruction, and going home again over the railroad; these boys must and will learn to guard, in the restlessness and tumult of the new age, their own inner life, which is, indeed, quite different from ours. And then he looked farther on into a future, when the alarming growth of the great cities shall cease, and men shall again live outside of them, where the green fields, the rushing streams, and the blue sky shall be daily before their eyes, and yet it shall be granted them to make their own the elements of culture, and all which is now supplied by the union of men in large towns. Then again will country air force its way into the soul.

At the time when Eric and the doctor were setting out, the justice's wife sat with her husband and her daughter over their morning coffee. The conversation turned on the evening walk with Eric, and the lady repeated his frank apologies.

"Very good, very good," said the justice. "He is polite and clever, but it's well that he has gone; he's a dangerous man."

We have before us a new edition of the *Girls' Own Book*, by L. M. Child, without any publisher's name. It has been enlarged and renovated, and contains the latest inventions down to

croquet. We think that, *girls'* book as it is, it ought to have more about games that are also exercise. Apart from this consideration, it seems complete. Spectator.

From The Belgravian Annual.  
"HER LAST APPEARANCE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "SIR FELIX FOT, BART.," "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," "ROBSON'S CHOICE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE large looking-glass adorning one end of the green-room of Covent Garden Theatre — (not the present building, you must understand, nor the one before it, but the one before *that*; for we are dealing with events that happened in the last century) — reflected the face and figure of a very pretty woman. Indeed, about the good looks of Mrs. Dorothy Fanshawe there could be no kind of question. All the town over she was highly esteemed as a beauty and a toast, besides being accounted one of the most accomplished comedians of her time.

She stood before the glass, conning, as it were, her personal graces and advantages. She wore male attire — a suit of white satin, trimmed with silver-lace. The bills announced a representation of the comedy of *The Recruiting Officer*, and Mrs. Fanshawe was, of course, to be the Silvia of the night: Silvia being one of her most admired impersonations.

Were her patches properly affixed? She went close to see. Yes; the black specks were firm in their places upon a face, it must be said, terribly loaded with white and red paint. But then paint was the vogue. The actress, perhaps, wore little more than did the ladies among her audience. Fashion demanded that lavish laying-on of brilliant colour. Certainly it was not needed in Mrs. Fanshawe's case to mask wrinkles or to give a sort of mimicry of youthful hues, for the lady was still quite young. Favourite as she was with the playgoers, and famous in a certain line of characters, her career upon the stage had not been of many years' duration.

She stepped back from the glass a few feet, and with her head coquettishly tossed on one side, considered critically the general effect of her appearance. No; there was nothing to find fault with. All was as it should be. Her profuse auburn hair — its colour hidden under a thick coating of powder — was full dressed, and gathered at the back into a "rose-bag;" there were silver buttons, as large as halfcrowns, upon her coat-front, cuffs and pockets; embroidered clocks upon her silk stockings; and wide silver buckles upon her shoes; her little Nivernois three-cornered laced hat, with a "blaze" in front of it, was tucked jauntily under her left arm; there were deep ruffles round her wrists, half hiding the white, del-

icate, jewelled fingers, which closed round a diamond-decked snuff-box; and at her side sparkled the silver hilt of a court-sword. A very winsome, graceful creature altogether; with flashing hazel eyes, and well-defined, arching, mobile brows; a deftly-shaped nose, with a certain pleasant pertness about its outline; and a superb array of glistening white teeth. The mouth was a trifle large, perhaps: still, the cherry-red lips were perfect in form; and if they were apt to part rather widely now and then, did they not in such-wise make the better display of the pearly treasures within? Who could find fault with that witching, liberal smile? And then the rounded slinness of her figure, the light firmness of her step, her elastic play of limb, and the graceful ease and freedom of her every movement, were all seen to advantage in the costume appropriate to the character she represented. She personated manliness with a skill and a vigour that yet were distinguished by a due manifestation of feminine elegance. No wonder she was something more than admired by pit, boxes, and gallery — she was loved. It was a sort of fashion of the day to entertain a tender regard for pretty Mrs. Fanshawe. Her whole audience were ever at her feet — basking in the radiance of her beauty, enthralled by the magic of her glance, spell-bound by the music of her voice.

"I shall do, I think," she said, with a bright little laugh, as she turned lightly on her heel and left the looking-glass.

"My dear, you knew that before the glass could tell it you." The speaker was Mrs. Medicott — "Mother Medicott," she was often familiarly called by her play-fellows. She was the "old woman;" the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*; the Lady Bountiful, the Mrs. Amlet, the Mrs. Heidelberg, of the company. A portly, good-natured soul, with a fiery-red face, and a hearty, sturdy manner. There was no part for her in the comedy; but she was ready dressed in a saffron-coloured tabinet sacque to appear as Mrs. Ternagant, in the farce of *The Upholsterer*, which was to conclude the performance of the evening.

"It isn't the young folks that need to be so often looking in the glass," said Mrs. Medicott, "unless they like — as why shouldn't they? — to be seeing something pretty there. It's the old ones that have to care for their looks, and make the best of them, lest we should shock the side boxes by letting 'em know how old we really are. Heigho!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother?"

"I played Silvia, my dear, years ago. You wouldn't think it, would you? And I

fancy I did something with the part, though I wasn't the pretty creature you are, Dolly. I'm not so vain I can't own that. I didn't think then I should ever be playing old women. But who thinks when they're young what they'll come to be doing when they're old? Will you ever be playing Mrs. Termagant, do you think, Dolly? Shall you ever be cast for the old women? Youth and good looks won't stay with us for ever; and then —"

"What's happened, mother? — What's put you out? You're cross with me."

"No, my dear. A little low; that's all."

"I was in such madcap spirits; and you want to take me down a little, don't you?"

"No; but those madcap spirits are trying to us old folks. They make us look back and think; and thinking's sad work sometimes, especially to an old woman like me."

"Why, mother, I've seen you as merry as the youngest of us."

"I'm not a croaker generally, Dolly. I can laugh myself, and make others laugh, as you know; and I'll do it a while longer, please God. But to-night, I don't know how, I'm dumpish and doleful. There's something I don't quite understand. You're not the same Dolly to me. You're bright and merry, and madcap, as you say; and yet, my dear, if you only knew it, there's something strange about your look at times; it almost frightens me."

"You think —"

"Don't ask me. I don't know what I think."

Mrs. Fanshawe was silent for a few moments. Then she went and kissed her old friend.

"You're right, mother," she said in an altered voice. "I feel it myself. There is something strange about me. I'm very merry. I've never played better. You heard the applause? It will be doubled when I go on presently. I was never so light-hearted. Sometimes I think that if I were to give a spring into the air I should go up, up, up into the clouds, like the new balloon that all the town's talking about, there seems so little to keep me on the earth — so long as I don't think — so long as I don't think! I'm talking like a crazy creature, ain't I? I *am* a crazy creature. If I had all my senses, I do believe I should be as heavy as lead — dull, dejected, miserable. I can't tell you why this is so; it's a puzzle to me. I only know what I feel. I'm not sure I know even that. I can't explain why I feel it. All that sounds very mad, doesn't it? But there's something

strange going on here." She pressed her hand upon her bosom. "I feel as if there was a clock inside my heart — a clock that had gone all wrong, that was all out of order, that couldn't tick regularly, that had not been wound up properly, that was given to striking at all the hours at once, hours and half-hours and quarters, chiming anyhow — a clock that had gone mad, in fact. Isn't that a wild notion? Gadzooks, how I've frightened you!" And Mrs. Fanshawe gave way to a fit of rather hysterical laughter, which was musical too, only the notes seemed touched by a flighty, uncertain hand.

"My dear, don't laugh like that, for Heaven's sake! Dolly, calm yourself."

"I must. I shall be called directly. Rose is on, and Plume has sung his song."

"And don't give way to talking and thinking after that wild fashion. There's quite enough in this world to make one mad, willy-nilly, without hurrying to go mad of one's own accord."

"Forgive me. I'm better now. But—" She hesitated for a moment, and then went on. "Suppose this were to be my last appearance?"

"Child, what new freak's this? What are you saying?" Mrs. Medlicott rose hurriedly, with a scared look on her face.

The sharp voice of the call-boy was heard.

"I'm called," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "Read that. A secret, mind!" She drew a letter from her bosom, tossed it to the elder actress, and hurried on to the stage. The roar of applause that greeted her could be heard clearly enough in the green-room. Indeed, the rich, clear, silver tones of the actress were almost audible as she said in the words of her part, "I'm Jack Wilful, at your service, sir. I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present. I live where I stand. I've neither house, home, or habitation beyond this spot of ground. I'm a rake; but I intend to enlist immediately. Lookee, gentlemen, he that bids fairest has me."

How the audience rejoiced in the sparkling, saucy, jaunty manner of their favourite actress, as she delivered these lines!

#### CHAPTER II.

"WHAT's the child given me?"

Mrs. Medlicott opened the letter. The seal — a handsome coat-of-arms, surmounted by an earl's coronet — had been already broken.

"He means it, then," she said, after she finished reading the letter, and had slowly



folded it up again. "I hardly knew what to think, when I saw his grand, handsome, foolish face, his star and blue ribbon, for ever following the poor girl like her shadow. I did him injustice, it seems; and she may wear a countess's coronet, and take rank as a peeress, if she will. Well, why shouldn't she? She's been a credit to us; she won't be such a discredit to *them*. She's kept her good name as a player—sure, it can't be harder work to do what's proper as a peeress. He loves her, I suppose: he *must* love her, or would he have written this? I wonder if his back ached much as he stooped to write it; for I suppose it's real stooping for an earl to be asking an actress to marry him. Did he only ask it because he knew she wouldn't listen to him unless he spoke through a plain gold ring? But I *mustn't* be hard on him. Folks have a right to things as cheap as they can get them; and some of us go dirt-cheap, I *must* own; or it may be they put no higher value on themselves than they're worth. Still, they go at a shameful sort of price. Yet this man's offer is one an honest woman may listen to—nay, may be proud of. And Dolly may be a countess, if she will! Why shouldn't she? I've lived to see Lavvy Fenton a duchess; and Lavvy was but a slut to Dolly. Does she love him? *Can* she care for him? Fiddlestick! what does *that* signify? Surely a woman *must* care—or can force herself to care—for the man who can make her a countess. 'Her last appearance,' she said—the words made me turn goose-flesh all over. But this was what she meant. No wonder the poor soul feels half-crazy; it's enough to turn her brain over and over again. And she'll say 'Yes'? What else can she do? God bless you, Dolly! when you've left us, we shall miss a dear, kind, good little soul, and the town will lose the prettiest, cleverest little woman on the stage. I say it, Mother Medicott, that have seen a heap of them come and go, in and out, like sparks in a tinder-box."

Mrs Fanshawe reëntered breathless. "Did you hear them? They're as mad as I am to-night." She flung her hat on to a chair, and adjusted her ruffles, glancing at herself again in the glass.

"You've read the letter?"

"Bless you, my darling! No wonder you're in such a madcap humour. But you deserve your good-fortune—the best of fortunes. There's not a soul in the whole place, from the manager to the call-boy, that don't wish you well, Dolly. May you be happier than you can tell, my pretty one!"

"God help me!" cried the actress. She burst into tears, and hid her face upon the broad friendly shoulder of Mrs. Medicott.

"Why, Dolly, what does this mean?"

"Happy! how can I be happy? What is this man to me, for all his gold, his rank, his title? I can never be happy again."

"Hush, hush; don't talk like that!"

"He will come for his answer soon. What am I to say to him?"

"Say 'yes,' my dear. What other answer can you make?"

"No, no. *Here* I can forget." It isn't the old only, mother, who have to dread looking back, and thinking, and remembering—who long to forget. Do you think the young have nothing they would banish from their thoughts? Still, *here* leading this life I can, for a while at any rate, *forget*. But as his wife, I shall remember always. I shall do nothing else; and I shall go mad, mother—I shall go mad!"

"My child, you will love him in time—in good time, be sure of it."

"Do you think I've no heart, mother? Do you think I have never been loved, and never loved back again with all my soul—as a woman loves but once in her whole life?"

"Hush, hush; look up—take heart. We're not alone."

The green-room was filling. The act was over, and Plume, Brazen, Sergeant Kite, and the rest came trooping in.

"I tell you, you spoil my scene, sir. You're not drolling in a booth at Bartlemy fair now; can't you remember that? You don't know your words; or you did it on purpose. I gave you your cue over and over again, and you were dead stuck. As I'm a person, I never played with such a jackanapes!"

There was some squabble going on among the players.

"I've to change my dress for the next act," Mrs. Fanshawe whispered. "Don't leave me."

### CHAPTER III.

THE curtain was down, and the carpenters were rearranging the scenes as the two actresses crossed the stage on their way to the tiring-chambers, which were at some distance from the green-room. They stopped for a moment to look through an aperture in the "drop," which permitted a view of the auditory. The house was crowded to excess. The oil-lamps and wax-candles diffused a warm mellow light over the sea of white wigs, feathers, laced coats, flowers, ribbons, and diamonds.

There was a hurly-burly of noisy apprentices and saucy footmen in the gallery; a clattering of sticks, much handing about of snuff-boxes, and the hum of criticism and comment in the pit; with the prattling and tattling of pretty, bare-shouldered women and over-dressed beaux in the boxes. Above all rose the shrill cries of the venders of fruit and playbills: "*Chase some oranges! Chase some numparels! Chase a bill of the play!*" (*Chase for choose, or for purchase?*)

"My good kind friends," said Mrs. Fanshawe, apostrophising her audience from the hole in the drop, "am I never to see you more? Ah, you'll not miss me more than I shall miss you."

"Come, Dolly."

Mrs. Fanshawe uttered a strange, sharp, spasmodic cry.

"Why, what's the matter? Come away."

"Stop! look! Do you see? The man sticking in the front of the pit, with his hand grasping the spikes—do you see!—the fifth from the side—the left side."

"Which do you mean—the man in the feather-topped wig and sea-green coat, with gold Bradenburgs in front—the old gentleman there that's now taking snuff from a tortoiseshell box?"

"Good lack, no—a boy, a child, wearing his own light-brown hair, with a ribbon-tie."

"There's no such person, Dolly."

"Yes, yes—in a pretty blue coat and a scarlet waistcoat, and buckskins and thread-stockings as white as daisies, and plated buckles in his shoes. But you can't see all that. O George, my George!—my darling, my darling!" She was greatly excited and agitated.

"Hush, Dolly! Are you mad?"

"He's sitting there to see my last appearance, as he saw my first. Bless his sweet face and his bonny eyes and his pretty tender smile!—A mere boy! Show him mercy, my lord; he meant no wrong—the poor fond, dreaming, gentle soul! Look, look, mother, don't you see? Now, as he turns his head, see—the purple mark round his neck!"

"Come away, Dolly—they'll hear you," cried Mrs. Medicott in a frightened voice; "there's no such man sitting there, indeed there is not."

"But there is, mother, but there is."

She suffered herself to be led away, however, sobbing; moaning, "My George, my George!"

## CHAPTER IV.

MOTHER MEDICOTT helped her to change her dress.

"You're trembling like a leaf, my pretty one! Come, take heart. Don't let them see you've been crying. Here, a dab more rouge! That's better. You mustn't give way, you know. Rouse yourself, Dolly. In half an hour more the play will be over, and you'll be free; and then you can cry your eyes out, if you must."

"Free!" she echoed dreamily. "No, I shall never be free, mother. You don't know what it is to have a man's life on your conscience."

"Fiddlestick! Talk sense, or I won't listen to you. Here, put on your bracelets. How this pink train becomes you! You never looked prettier, Dolly. Only smile a little—ever so little. You're playing comedy, you know;—no tragedy airs. Don't look as if you were going to be hanged."

"To be hanged?" Mrs. Fanshawe cried with a scream.

"Hush, hush; I meant nothing. Why, what's the matter? Here's your fan—your gloves. We've no time to spare. Which necklace will you wear?"

"A rope, mother; give me a rope!"

"Hush! For God's sake, Dolly, don't talk like that. Here's your diamond necklace; let me clasp it for you."

"No, no, no; I can't breathe with it: it chokes me, it strangles me. Oh!" She tore it off, and flung it on the floor. "Has it left a purple mark like that on his neck, mother?"

"You're talking nonsense again, Dolly." Mrs. Medicott eyed her friend in some alarm.

"Nonsense? He risked his life for me, and lost it, mother; was *that* nonsense? He loved me, mother, with his whole heart; was *that* nonsense? I was more dear to him than anything in this world or the next; he perilled his soul for me, poor boy; was *that* nonsense? O my darling Geordie, is that what they say of you? I loved him, mother, as I can never love another. We were boy and girl together, and all-in-all to each other. How happy we were for a time! But O, how short a time it seems, looking back on it now after all these years. Five minutes, not more than that—while one can count ten—the striking of a clock—and then—A simple country lad, mother, that was all, born in my own village, but with a brave, true, tender heart. I was a stroller in a barn, and he followed me from place to place;

CHAPTER V.

he heard me speak my first lines; and he gathered flowers for me — live flowers — to wear in my hair at night. But they soon withered. We were mere children; life was all whipped syllabub to us. We only asked to be allowed to bask in the sunshine and be happy in our own fond, silly way." She burst into tears.

"Dolly, Dolly, why speak of this? What good can it do?"

"I came up to London," the actress went on, not heeding the interruption, but talking in a curious abstracted way, "and Geordie followed me. But the place seemed to turn his brain. He grew pale and pined; grew jealous of me, though I loved him still, Heaven knows I did. He was angry that they applauded me as they did, bless them! said they sought to take me from him, and that I had ceased to care for him now, when the town gallants were crowding round me. Then, one day, he poured a heap of jewelry and goldsmith's rubbish into my lap. Poor boy, he had better have kept to his flowers! What had he to do with jewelry?"

"He had stolen it?" asked Mrs. Medlicott, interested in spite of herself.

"God knows. Don't ask me. They said he did." She hid her face. "I saw him step into the cart at Newgate, with the rope about his neck. There were two carts full, but I could only see Geordie. He was white as a sheet, dressed in his best, and holding a Prayer-book in his hand. 'God bless you, Geordie!' I cried, and he heard me; and the good, kind crowd made way for me to go near to him and kiss him, and stick a posy in his buttonhole. Some kind soul lifted me up, and I put my arms round his neck. I wouldn't have unlocked them again, but they made me. I was torn from him when the cart moved on, and the clergyman began to read the service to the poor creatures. I followed all the way to Tyburn-tree. I was half-fainting, and footsore, and terribly jostled by the crowd. I couldn't get near to speak to him again. But I waved my hand to him. He saw me, and smiled such a strange, wan, heart-breaking smile, O, mother, it nearly killed me to see it! His arms were pinioned then; and then that monster with the grimy face and the wild-beast mouth—he had been spitting tobacco, and laughing and joking all the way—he put his black hands roughly on the poor boy—O God! You know what happened next, mother, without my telling you."

"*Silvia!*" She was called; and rapidly drying her eyes, hurried on to the stage.

"Poor Dolly!" Mrs. Medlicott was watching the actress from the wings. "But she bears up bravely. She's almost herself again. They won't notice that anything's the matter."

She had been a little "out" at first, and missed a cue or two. Her manner was wanting in its usual force and dash. The audience hardly perceived any change in her, however. Many things happen on the stage, mistakes or otherwise, which audiences often fail to note.

Yet one thing an attentive spectator might have taken heed of. Mrs. Fanshawe's eyes were constantly fixed upon one particular part of the theatre; the front row of the pit indeed, on the left side of the theatre looking from the proscenium.

"He's there still," she whispered to Mrs. Medlicott when she left the stage for a few moments.

"Who's there still?"

"George!"

"Hush, it is fancy, the merest fancy."

The comedy concluded amidst great applause. Sergeant Kite spoke the epilogue with effect. The times had happily not arrived for the absurdity of calls before the curtain.

"Well, Dolly, how it is with you now?"

Mrs. Fanshawe was trembling violently. "Did you see him?" she asked. "Just as the curtain fell? He beckoned me. He held his hand up high above his head. I could not be mistaken, mother. I saw his fingers move. *I must go to him.*"

"Go to him?"

"He cannot come to me, you know, mother," she said in a heart-broken voice.

"This is madness, Dolly. Be calm, for mercy's sake. Here's some one you know. Rouse yourself. The writer of the letter has come for an answer to his offer."

Mrs. Fanshawe turned. A tall, handsome gentleman in black velvet stood beside her. A bright star gleamed upon his breast, and a blue ribbon crossed his waistcoat.

"My lord," she began in a strangely-troubled voice—then she swayed to and fro. "I thank your lordship—I—O God, have mercy!" She reeled and fell senseless at his feet.

A crowd of players, carpenters, and stage-servants hurried round.

"Stand back!" he said in a voice of command. "Give her air. She's fainted, poor soul."

Mrs. Medlicott had raised her friend's head. "How lucky I've got my flask in my

pocket!" said the old woman, with something of a blush. She was afraid of the comments of the ill-natured upon the fact of a bottle being in her pocket. "Just a taste of cordial will do her all the good in the world. Come, Dolly dear. Alack! her teeth are tight clenched. What can be the matter with her?"

"A doctor!" cried the man in black velvet, "a hundred pounds to the first man that brings a doctor!"

"Dorothy," he said in a moved voice. "Speak to me, Dorothy." He wiped her forehead with his laced handkerchief and fanned her with his hat.

"Poor gentleman!" murmured Mrs. Medicott, "he loves her. There's an honest tender heart beats in his bosom, that's worth more than the star outside it. Dolly, darling, won't you speak to poor old mother Medicott?"

But Mrs. Fanshawe never spoke more.

"Aneurism of the heart."

"Paralysis of the brain."

"No," said another. "It was the white paint upon her face. It killed Lady Coventry, you remember. The poor woman's been using white lead."

Mrs. Medicott shook her head. "She was beckoned away by her old, old love, and she's joined him in the grave," muttered the old woman.

"Can nothing be done—nothing?" demanded the nobleman with a pale, frightened face.

"God bless you; you loved her." Mrs. Medicott, hardly knowing what she was doing, wrung his hand. "Our poor Dolly's gone from us. The sweetest, cleverest creature that ever trod the stage. And she might have been a countess! To think of that! It was 'her last appearance,' as she said. I ought to have known it. There was death in her face when I spoke to her hours ago. I couldn't think what it was made me look at her so. I know now. There was death in her face for all its bright life and wonderful prettiness. My poor darling Dolly!"

"Clear the stage, please, for the farce!" cried the prompter, who probably hardly knew the worst that had happened. "Come, bustle, bustle!"

"I'm in a nice humour for farce-acting," said Mrs. Medicott. "I shall make nothing of Termagant to-night. I could sit down and cry my eyes out. But it must be done, I suppose."

She wiped away her tears, though they fell again as fast she could wipe them away.

"Well, it's only for a little while, and then I shall hear my cue, I suppose, and go and join Dolly. Please God there's some odd corner in heaven can be found for a poor old actress to rest her weary bones in. There goes the bell. The curtain's up. I'm ready, prompter. Mother Medicott's at her post as usual."

#### SONNETS.

[WRITTEN IN LOCH CORUIK, SKYE.]

##### I.

I THINK this is the very stillest place  
On all God's earth, — and yet no rest is here:  
The vapours mirror'd in the black loch's face  
Drift on like frantic shapes and disappear;  
A melancholy murmur in mine ear  
Tells me of waters wild that flow and flow, —  
There is no rest at all, afar or near,  
Only a sense of things that moan and go.  
And lo! the still strange life these limbs contain  
I feel flow on like those, restless and proud, —  
Before Thy breathing naught within my brain  
Pauses, but all drives on like mist and cloud.  
Only the bald peaks and the stones remain  
Frozen before thee, desolate and bowed.

##### II.

And whither, O ye vapours! do ye wend?  
Stirred by that weary breathing, whither  
away?  
And whither, O ye dreams! that night and day  
Drift e'er the troublous life, tremble and blend  
To broken lineaments of that far Friend,  
Whose strange breath's come and go ye feel so  
deep?

O Soul! that has no rest and seekest sleep,  
Whither? and will thy wanderings ever end?  
All things that be are full of a quick pain;  
Onward we fleet, swift as the running rill, —  
The vapours drift, the mists within the brain  
Float on obscuringly and have no will.  
Only the bald peaks and the stones remain;  
These only, — and a God sublime and still.

##### III.

Art thou alone, far from the busy crowd,  
Dwelling in melancholy solitude,  
Darkening thy visage with a dreaming cloud,  
Hushing thy breath, if mortal foot intrude?  
Father, how shall I meet thee in this mood?  
How shall I ask thee why thou dwells't with  
stones,  
While far away the world, like Lazarus, groans,  
Sick for thy healing? Father, since thou art  
good,  
Come to the valleys, gently, with no frown!  
Come, like an Angel with a human face!  
Pass thro' the gates into the hungry town,  
Comfort the weary, send the afflicted grace!  
Shine brighter on the graves where we set down  
Our dear ones, — cheer them in the narrow  
place!  
Spectator.

From The Examiner.

## LITERARY AND SOCIAL JUDGMENTS.\*

THE contents of the volume before us stand forth in agreeable contrast to the very ordinary essays, dissertations, and disquisitions which have flooded the literary world of late. Mr. Greg wields his pen with the vigour and skill of a practiced writer; his sentences, well-rounded and sonorous, strike upon the ear with a power and effect which strongly excite the imagination, if they do not always convince the understanding. His diction is singularly apt and felicitous; and his style, with its wealth of words and profuseness of illustration, at times reminds one of the matchless manner of Macaulay. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we might say that the style of Mr. Greg is faulty only in being too continuously rhetorical.

We prefer the author's literary judgments to his social papers, although at times we differ from him very widely in the former. We do not think, for instance, he is quite just in his estimate of Kingsley and Carlyle. While acknowledging the resistless fascinations of their works, and the many great and noble qualities of the two men, he draws attention to what he considers their prominent offences against taste and decency. He complains that both are contemptuous and abusive towards their adversaries far beyond the limits of gentlemanly usage; that "both indulge in terms of scorn and vituperation such as no cause can justify, and no correct or Christian feeling could inspire;" and ends his accusation by asserting that "Mr. Carlyle slangs like a blaspheming pagan, Mr. Kingsley like a denouncing prophet." Now, in case we may be accused of making capital by quoting garbled extracts, we will own that, in the next paragraph, the author bears testimony to the beautiful and pathetic tenderness discernible in both these writers. But judging Mr. Greg by his own remarks, we fear he stands condemned. Does he call it abuse, scorn, or vituperation, when he says that Mr. Carlyle "slangs like a blaspheming pagan?" We certainly allow that when either writer does go in for denouncing hypocrisy and cant, falsehood and shams, he wields his weapons with terrible force, but, to our mind, is never guilty of the brutality of a Junius or a Swift. Again, when Mr. Greg asserts that "both are declaimers—not reasoners," we must once more beg to differ from him. Mr. Kingsley we allow to be *more* of a de-

claimer than a reasoner, but Mr. Carlyle cannot be dismissed thus lightly as a writer who never "reasons, in the strict sense of the term." Certainly, he never states every argument in the form of a syllogism, but his writings abound in pages of close, subtle, reasoning,—too subtle, perhaps, for ordinary mortals. It is pleasant, however, after reading so much denunciation to find that, in the main, Mr. Greg does not differ very widely from us, as to the value and moral effect of Mr. Kingsley's powerful pen:

We have spoken freely and without stint of Mr. Kingsley's errors and offences, because he is strong and can bear it well; because he is somewhat pachydermatous, and will not feel it much; because it is well for a man who habitually speaks of others in such outrageous terms to have his own measure occasionally meted out to him in return; because, also, one who sins against so much light and knowledge deserves to be beaten with many stripes; and because, finally, on a previous occasion we did such ample justice to his merits. But we should grieve to have it believed that we are insensible to his remarkable and varied excellences, or to part from him otherwise than in a spirit of thorough and cordial appreciation. In spite of much that is rant, and of much that would be twaddle, if it were not so energetic, there is such wonderful "go" in him, such exulting and abounding vigour, and he carries you along with a careering and facile rapidity which, while it puts you out of breath, is yet so strangely exhilarating, that old and young never fail to find pleasure in his pages. He may often wonder, but he never sleeps. He has, however, far higher claims on our admiration than any arising from these merely literary merits. And in an age like this, of vehement desires and feeble wills, of so much conventionalism and so little courage,—when our favourite virtue is indulgence to others, and our commonest vice is indulgence to self,—when few things are heartily loved, and fewer still are heartily believed,—when we are slaves to what others think, and wish, and do—slaves to past creeds in which we have no longer faith, slaves to past habits in which we have no longer pleasure, slaves to past phrases from which all the meaning has died out,—when the ablest and tenderest minds are afraid to think deeply, because they know not where deep thought might land them, and are afraid to act thoroughly, because they shrink from what thorough action might entail,—when too many lead a life of conscious unworthiness and unreasonality, because surrounded by evils with which they dare not grapple, and by darkness which they dare not pierce;—in such an age, amid such wants and such shortcomings, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to a crusader like Mr. Kingsley, whose faith is undoubting, and whose courage is unflinching; who neither fears others nor mistrusts himself; who hates with a destructive and aggressive animosity whatever is evil,

\* *Literary and Social Judgments.* By W. R. Greg. Trubner.



mean, filthy, weak, hollow, and untrue; who has drawn his sword and girded up his loins for a work which cannot be passed by, and which must not be negligently done; whose practice himself, and whose exhortation to others is, in the words of the great German,

Im halben zu entwöhnen,  
In ganzen, guten, wahren, resolut zu leben.

But to the essays on the lives, literary productions, and characteristics of three representative French writers — Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and M. de Tocqueville — we turn with greater interest. Mr. Greg's estimate of Madame de Staël, the most brilliant authoress of the Revolution, we conceive to be singularly truthful; and the whole essay shows that he has carefully studied his subject. He is not led away by insular prejudices, to condemn conduct which is to a great extent the result of French education, habits, and modes of thought. Madame de Staël, perhaps more than any other great personage of her period, must be studied only in conjunction with her surroundings. She lived and wrote in stirring and eventful times, when the minds of all were strangely moved by the great social problems which the French Revolution started and fostered. The remarkable daughter of a remarkable man, she was introduced at an early age to the most celebrated literary men of the time, who crowded to the Parisian salons, and made them the most brilliant in Europe. Her precocity was absolutely marvellous, while her powers of acquisition appeared to be almost unlimited. She wrote a drama at the age of twelve, and acted in it with some young friends. Her brilliant conversation, her vivacity and great quickness at repartee and badinage, gathered round her even at that early age the most celebrated of the many literary lions who frequented her father's salon. Among these were Marmontel, Baron Grimm, the Abbé Raynal, and lastly, the historian Gibbon, ever afterwards her warm friend and admirer. At the age of twenty, Mdle Necker calmly made a *mariage de convenance* with Baron de Staël, the Swedish ambassador, a man much older than herself, and one with whom such a woman could have little in common. In marrying the Baron she seems to have ignored domestic happiness altogether; and, as Mr. Greg remarks, probably solaced herself with the proverb: "*Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on se passe le mieux de bonheur.*" For the next three years she remained at Paris, the centre of a most brilliant circle of wits, authors, statesmen, and philosophers. During this period appeared the '*Lettres sur Rousseau*,' her first lite-

rary work of any importance, which at once obtained a wide notoriety and made her still more famous. During the Reign of Terror she sought refuge in England, and at Richmond established a small but agreeable society. Here were to be seen daily Talleyrand, M. de Narbonne, M. d'Arblay, Miss Burney, and several English friends. In 1795 she returned to Paris; but when Napoleon became first Consul he at once banished Madame de Staël. Then followed fourteen years of wanderings in Italy, Germany, England, Russia, far away from her beloved Paris. Probably this was the most wretched period of her life; but to those years of misery we owe her most brilliant literary performances — '*De la Littérature*,' '*De l'Allemagne*,' and '*Corinne*.' Mr. Greg sums up in a few words the general verdict of the great men of all countries, as to the impression which her genius and manners created:

She seems to have excited precisely the same emotions in the minds both of German literati and of English politicians — vast admiration and not a little fatigue. Her conversation was brilliant in the extreme, but apt to become monologue and declamation. She was too vivacious for any but Frenchmen: her intellect was always in a state of restless and vehement activity; she seemed to need no relaxation, and to permit no repose. In spite of her great knowledge, her profound and sagacious reflections, her sparkling wit, and her singular eloquence, she nearly always ended by wearying even her most admiring auditors; she left them no peace; she kept them on the stretch; she ran them out of breath. And there were few of them who were not in a condition to relish the piquant *mot* of Talleyrand, — who, when some one hinted surprise that he who had enjoyed the intimacy of such a genius as Madame de Staël could find pleasure in the society of such a contrast to her as Madame Grant — answered in that deliberate and gentle voice which gave point to all his sharpest sayings, "*Il faut avoir aimé Madame de Staël pour savourer le bonheur d'aimer une bête!*"

Schiller, writing to Goëthe, remarks that "the clearness, decidedness, and rich vivacity of her nature, cannot but affect one favourably. One's only grievance is the altogether unprecedented glibness of her tongue; you must make yourself all ear to follow her." Goëthe, in his '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' has also left his estimate of the brilliant Frenchwoman. After enlarging on "the great qualities of this high-thinking and high-feeling authoress," he goes on to say that her peculiar passion was to philosophise in society — that is, to talk with vivacity about insoluble problems. Byron has a paragraph in his *Diary and Correspondence* which is more eulogistic of her

powers than her person: "I saw Curran presented to Madame de Staël at Mackintosh's," he writes;—"it was the grand confluence of the Rhone and Saone; they were both so damned ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences." And, again, he says, "her works are my delight, and so is she herself—for half-an-hour. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more intellectually than all the rest of them together;—she ought to have been a man."

These spontaneous judgments of her contemporaries serve to bring before us Madame de Staël in general society. But in private life, as Mr. Greg remarks, she was "one of the most warm, constant, and zealous of friends—on the whole, an admirable, loveable, but somewhat overpowering woman." With our author's brief remarks on her writings and genius we entirely agree; and we quote the following extract as a characteristic specimen of Mr. Greg's charming style:

From first to last there was nothing frivolous, artificial, or heartless in Madame de Staël: she had nothing French about her, except her untiring vivacity and her sparkling wit. On the contrary, a tone of the profoundest melancholy runs throughout all her writings. A short time before her death she said to Chateaubriand: "Je suis ce que j'ai toujours été—vive et triste." It is in *Corinne*, especially, but also in *Delphine*, that we trace that indescribable sadness which seems inseparable from noble minds—the crown of thorns which genius must ever wear. It was not with her, as with so many, the dissipation of youthful illusions—the disenchantment of the ideal life. On the contrary, the spirit of poetry, the fancies and paintings of enthusiasm, were neither dimmed nor tarnished for her, even by the approach of death; she could dream of earthly happiness, and thirsted for it still; but she felt that she had never tasted it as she was capable of conceiving it; she had never loved as she could love and yearned to love; of all her faculties, she touchingly complained, "the only one that had been fully developed was the faculty of suffering." Surrounded by the most brilliant men of genius, beloved by a host of faithful and devoted friends, the centre of a circle of unsurpassed attractions, she was yet doomed to mourn "the solitude of life." No affection filled up her whole heart, called forth all her feelings, or satisfied her passionate longings after felicity; the full union of souls, which she could imagine so vividly and paint in such glorious colours, was denied to her—and all the rest "availed her nothing." With a mind teeming with rich and brilliant thoughts, with a heart melting with the tenderest and most passionate emotions, she had no one—no one—to appreciate the first and reciprocate the last; she had to live "the

inner life" alone; to tread the weary and dusty thoroughfares of existence, with no hand clasped in hers, no sympathising voice to whisper strength and consolation when the path grew rough and thorny, and the lamp burnt flickering and low. Nay, more, she had to "keep a stern tryst with death,"—to walk towards the Great Darkness with no one to bear her company to the margin of the cold stream, to send a cheering voice over the black waters, and to give her rendezvous upon the further shore. What wonder then that she sometimes faltered and grew faint under the solitary burden, and "sickened at the unshared light!"

In depicting the character of Chateaubriand Mr. Greg has excelled himself. We never remember to have read within the limits of an essay so thorough an analysis of the character, genius, and literary work of a man of letters. If any complaint could be made of the portrait, it would be that it is too minutely painted to be entirely lifelike: that it is too pre-Raphaelite in its details to yield an effective picture as a whole. Perhaps, also, Mr. Greg is not sufficiently considerate of the sad and depressing influences of his early years and neglected childhood, and is too coldly cruel in inserting so many instances of his inordinate vanity and intense egotism. To us there is something inexpressibly sad and touching in the life of Chateaubriand; while his biography, in many particulars, suggests that of Dr. Johnson. Both were men of remarkable powers, of keen intellect, and wonderful endurance, who passed the early years of their lives in poverty, privation, and toil. Yet both lived to become, in their respective countries, literary stars of the first magnitude, whose works and conversation were widely sought by the greatest and most illustrious of their fellow-countrymen. Both were vain men; but the vanity of the great lexicographer was tempered by his benevolent and Christian spirit, while the egotism of the Frenchman was enormously increased by the honours which the times, rather than his own merits as a politician, obtained for him. The early wanderings of Chateaubriand amidst the grand scenery of the American forests afforded him material from which he afterwards constructed his 'Atala' and 'René.' His American wanderings were followed by a seven years' exile in England, where he suffered great privations, and earned a scanty living by translating for the booksellers and teaching Latin and French. On his return to his native country, he published his romance of 'Atala,' which fairly turned the heads of all Paris, and made the fortunes and fame of the author:

Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires* has left us a very graphic and amusing account of that reception on himself. It was hailed with enthusiasm by the young and by the fair sex; but severely handled by grave Academicians. It was worshipped by the romanticists, but scouted by the classicists. Girls went over it in the boudoir; dramatists ridiculed it on the stage. Parodies, caricatures, signboards, all helped to fill the public mind with Atala, Chactas, and the Père Aubry. "I saw" (says Chateaubriand), "on a little theatre of the Boulevards, my lady savage with a head-dress of cock's feathers, talking to a wild man of her tribe about 'the soul of solitude,' in a style that made me perspire with shame. Young lovers at the *Variétés* were made to talk of alligators, swans, primeval forests, while their parents stood by fancying they had gone crazy. The Abbé Morellet, to cover me with confusion, got his maid servant to sit upon his knee in order to show that he could not in that position hold her feet in his hands, as I had described Chactas holding those of Atala during the storm. But all this only served to augment the excitement." His head, he confesses, was turned.

'René,' originally an episode in the romance of 'Les Natchez,' was afterwards fitted into the 'Genie du Christianisme.' It is the work of the author which more than any other reflects the peculiarities of his character,—the vague longings, the melancholy musings, and the egotistical sentimentality of his youth and middle-age. As Mr. Greg observes: "It is one of the most remarkable specimens of that 'Literature of Despair' peculiar to our age, of which 'Werther,' 'Obermann,' and 'Adolphe' are analogous productions." For a sketch of the political life of Chateaubriand, we must refer our readers to the concluding pages of the author's powerful essay; but we cannot conclude without quoting the vivid delineation of his character, personal, literary, and political:

We have now followed this prominent figure of the first half of our century through all the various phases of his existence—as youthful wanderer, literary celebrity, minister and politician, husband, friend, and lover; and a more strongly-marked or consistently-preserved individuality we never met in history. He was the same man at eighteen as at eighty; the same in obscurity as in fame; the same in politics as in love; never simple, never natural, never true; absorbingly selfish, incurably affected; the wretched victim of insatiable yearning and eternal discontent. Probably the only thoroughly sincere thing about him was his desolate *ennui* and weariness, or rather disgust, of life.

As a young man we saw him unable to fix upon any path in life: too proud, too indolent, and too fastidious for any; having no object and no

purpose, because he himself bounded his own horizon. As a literary man, the same fatal want re-appears: he has grand powers, grand thoughts, grand conceptions even, but no mighty aim outside of the gigantic *moi*; no creed but his own genius, no goal but his own glory, no joy but his own success. When he enters the political arena, the native vice is still uppermost, rampant as ever, and yet more intolerable, because the stage is so noble and the interests are so momentous.

The article devoted to M. de Tocqueville, reads more like the panegyric of a friend on one of the greatest thinkers which modern France has produced, than a critical examination of his life and works. We do not think, however, that Mr. Greg has overshot the mark in his praise of a man who united, in a very remarkable degree, the tact and talent of an active politician with the acuteness and learning of a writer on political science. In the essay entitled, "Why are Women Redundant?" Mr. Greg examines, with considerable courage and much discretion, a subject which of late has been frequently handled; but handled too timidly and partially. The author suggests an exodus of a half-million marriageable women from Great Britain, where they are redundant, to the United States and our colonies, where men predominate. The cause of the redundancy of women at home Mr. Greg traces to emigration, to the profligacy of men, and especially to the "growing and morbid luxury of the age:"

The number of women who remain unmarried, because marriage—such marriage, that is, as is within their reach, or may be offered them—would entail a sacrifice of that 'position' which they value more than the attractions of domestic life, is considerable in the middle ranks, and is enormous in the higher ranks. This word "position" we use as one which includes all the various forms and disguises which the motive in question puts on. Sometimes it is luxury proper which is thus inordinately valued,—dainty living, splendid dressing, large houses, carriages *ad libitum*, gay society, and exoneration from all useful exertion. Sometimes it is the more shadowy sentiment which values these things, not for themselves,—for to many they are wearisome even to nausea,—but for their appearance. Hundreds of women would be really *happier* in a simpler and less lazy life, and know it well; but to accept that life would be, or would be deemed to be, a derogation from their social status; a virtual ejection, to a greater or less degree, from that society, that mode of existence, which they do not enjoy, but cannot make up their minds to surrender. Hundreds again—probably thousands—forego the joys of married life, not because they really cling to unrelieved luxuries or empty show, but because they shrink

from the loss of those actual *comforts* which refined taste or delicate organizations render almost indispensable, and which it is supposed (often most erroneously) that a small income could not sufficiently procure. They would willingly give up carriages, expensive dresses, and laborious pleasure, but they must have tolerably ample and elegantly-furnished rooms, leisure for reading, occasional "outings," and intercourse with chosen friends. They don't wish to be idle, but they are not prepared to become drudges — either mere nursemaids or mere housewives. To these must be added, as belonging in justice to the same category, those to whom men, who might otherwise love and choose them, abstain from offering marriage, under the impression that the sentiments we have described are the sentiments they entertain. Very often this impression is wholly erroneous; very often these women would thankfully surrender all those external advantages, to which they are supposed to be so wedded, for the sake of sharing a comparatively humble and unluxurious home with men whom they regard and esteem. But their own language, their own conduct, or the habitual *tone* of the society to which they belong, has warranted and created the impression; and therefore the fault as well as the penalty is theirs.

Other essays on "Time," "Good People," "British and Foreign Characteristics," and "the Doom of the Negro Race," we can only enumerate; but, in concluding, we would call special attention to two papers which we have not space to notice at length. We refer to that entitled, "French Fiction: the Lowest Deep," in which the author reprobates very severely, but very properly, the moral degradation of some recent French novelists; and to an able *exposé* of the false morality of our own lady writers of fiction.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE DUSSELDORF SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

THE two papers we have published on recent art in Munich and Berlin may find a suitable sequel in some account of the parent school of Dusseldorf. There is scarcely a painter of note, hardly a phase — whether Christian and spiritual, or realistic and naturalistic — in the history of German art during the last half century, which has not been more or less intimately connected with this small town upon the Rhine. The great Cornelius — termed by some the Goethe of the art of painting — was born at Dusseldorf; and to Cornelius, a man conspicuous from his youth up for large comprehensive intellect, the Academy of Dusseldorf owed its resuscitation, and art in general that

signal revival of which Munich, Berlin, and other chief cities give signs in our times. This giant, the Michael Angelo of Germany, gathered around him a compact band of scholars, ardent as himself for the revival of fresco-painting. The new school received timely encouragement from King Ludwig in a commission to decorate the then recently erected Glyptothek in Munich. The cartoons of this arduous work were prepared during the winter months in Dusseldorf, and then, when summer came, masters and pupils went to the Bavarian capital to carry out the frescoes. In like manner at Coblenz, Bonn, and the Castle of Heltorf, "monumental art" got a fair start; thus the Italian method of fresco-painting learnt by Cornelius, Schadow, Veit, and Overbeck in Rome, having been transplanted to Dusseldorf, took root throughout the land of Germany, where it abides and flourishes even to this day.

Yet it was not without difficulty that the young school of Dusseldorf struggled into life and paid its way. The fame of the Academy became so great that pupils flocked in from all parts; but success brought with it perplexity. Genius became in excess of the demand; the market was overstocked. The secret had been discovered whereby high art could be manufactured wholesale, and yet for the commodity when produced no purchasers were forthcoming. Fortunately King Ludwig was ready for the rescue. Moreover, the emergency called into existence the famed "Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westphalen," an Art-Union localized within the Academy, with the express purpose of subsidizing works which proved in advance of public taste. It is interesting to know that this Kunstverein on its twenty-first anniversary was able to announce that, in addition to nine hundred great and small pictures distributed by lottery, it had been the means of securing to churches both Protestant and Romish, to museums and public buildings, twenty-seven altar-pieces and eleven large oil pictures. Among the works thus fostered are the famous frescoes from the history of Charlemagne which we recently had the pleasure of studying in Aix-la-Chapelle; also may be mentioned a master-piece by Overbeck now in Cologne Cathedral; likewise Professor Keller's engraving — the largest in line ever executed — of Raffaele's "Disputa." Dusseldorf, indeed, as our readers are probably aware, has long been a chief centre for the publication of religious prints. We remember to have seen in Rome, twenty years ago, in the studio of Overbeck, then in the Cenci Palace, de-

signs in charcoal prepared expressly for engraving in Dusseldorf. And we have now before us several hundred cheap popular prints published by the well-accredited "Verein zur Verbreitung religiöser Bilder, in Dusseldorf," engraved from pictures by the best known painters in the Dusseldorf "Christian school." Such are among the means taken to educate the people of Germany up to the standard of high art. In fact Dusseldorf does as much for religious art in a twelve-month as London in a century.

The Dusseldorf Academy has little expressly distinctive in its curriculum of study. More worthy of remark is the mutual culture and the relation of brotherhood maintained between professors and pupils. While other academies may be compared to monarchies or oligarchies, that of Dusseldorf is, by its liberty and equality, like a republic. The Director does not constitute himself a dictator; no one mind, no exclusive art-manner, dominates. Thus, during half a century, Dusseldorf, notwithstanding the ascendancy of the so-called spiritual or Christian school, has given equal rights and privileges to all styles, including, of course, the naturalistic. Even at this moment are found within her borders painters in manner wide as the poles asunder. Among the number may be enumerated Professors Deger, Ittenbach, and Carl Müller, leaders in the so-called Christian school; Bendenmann, illustrious by works taken from Jewish history; Tidemand, the faithful delineator of peasant life in Norway; Vautier and Salentin, devoted to realism and naturalism; and Professors Leu, and Andreas and Oswald Achenbach, famous throughout Europe as painters of coast scenes and landscapes. These artists, and many more scarcely less illustrious, are, either by office, early pupilage, residence, or otherwise, bound to the fortunes of that least exclusive of all schools of art — the Academy of Dusseldorf.

The Dusseldorf school seems to renew its youth in the life-giving fellowship sustained between masters and pupils. A skilled student is not cast adrift; on the contrary, he is attached to the Academy by the provision that he may occupy one of its *ateliers*. Thus talent, first trained and then domiciled, is not lost to the spot; thus a gifted youth prolongs his influence over his fellow-students, and little by little grows as a vital member into the body corporate. Artists here preserve for long the attitude of discipleship; even when arrived at man's estate they continue to receive the visits of Professors and the admonition of Directors;

and it is known that a master sometimes numbers among his scholars married men and fathers of families. The whole Academy in fact is a community for study and art-work, a guild vigilant for the welfare of the painter and his art. When in Germany some important national work has been needed, counsel has been taken of the Director by princes or municipalities. The best man for the service is indicated; the labour is assigned to some one master, aided by a band of scholars. It would seem, judging from our own unhappy experience in England, that great national works are absolute impossibilities where there do not exist trained bands of scholars capable of carrying out a concerted scheme under the direction of one responsible master. The evidence of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., before the Royal Commission was strong in favour of the very system which has made the Academy of Dusseldorf a great art-producing power, while lack of such system has left our own Academy impotent, wholly inoperative upon the nation's art save in the successful multiplication of pretty exhibition pictures. Higher results in Germany are the products of academic culture, and of that fellowship in labour which subsists between a master and his scholars. It is easy to conceive how much of ardour, what *esprit de corps*, have been engendered by this co-partnership in creation; an old scholar has been known to ask as a privilege, without prospect of pay, permission to join hands with his master over some earnest work. Thus it was in Italy. Raffaele walked through Rome with a following of fifty disciples; and the great mural pictures of Rome, Florence, Pisa, and Sienna could only have come into existence under a system — the origin, in fact, of the practice in modern Germany — which secured to great masters the services of devoted bands of scholars. Art was in Italy a religion; and such has it been in Dusseldorf.

Art life in the capital of the Rhenish provinces is more than commonly social, not to say "jolly." Students of various nationalities, some Protestants, others Catholics, mingle kindly together in mutual toleration. This student community assumes a certain burgher or citizen attitude, jealous of its rights. The Academy naturally begets kindred associations. In the public Gallery are collected representative works of the school. In Jacobi's Garden, a pretty shady retreat, a well-known resort of poets and philosophers, the artists have located their club, the "Kunstler Verein Malkasten." To drink coffee or wine beneath the



trees, a painter or two perchance within view making outdoor studies, we have ourselves found pleasant in the sunny summer time. In winter the artists indulge in theatricals; the walls of the club are decorated by its members with mural paintings, and ready fancy and rapid hands find no difficulty in extemporizing scenery, colouring masks, concocting costumes, and completing other stage properties which have at least the merit of being somewhat out of the common. The artists in Rome show like histrionic propensities. Indeed any one who may have glanced at art life on the Continent will readily believe that the painters of Dusseldorf give themselves kindly to masking and practical joking, fun and frolic of all sorts. At Dusseldorf too, as at Venice in the days of Giorgione, music is the painter's passion. Here Mendelssohn lived two years; here he conducted the "St. Paul," and the master's refining influence has survived even to the present day. Altogether, it is easy to see in artist life at Dusseldorf, as at Rome, how generously Continental manners lend themselves to free and easy ways. Feasts and holidays in Roman Catholic countries favour artist festivals; life is more scenic and picturesque than in lands where cold, commercial reason has ostracized imagination. Dusseldorf, moreover, still maintains rural simplicity; she is yet happily exempt from that fashionable frivolity which trades for its own empty ends on artists' inherent vanities. Thus the quiet town is more favourable to study than gay capitals like Berlin or Munich. On the whole, this abode of painters is a pleasant place to live in. Academicians from the windows of ateliers command picturesque views over the swift-flowing Rhine, the sails of passing craft shining in the sun. The town is prettily situated among trees, gardens, and running waters; nature puts on winning ways, though she scarcely rises into heroics; and so those artists who find themselves restless under throes of imagination betake themselves in the sketching season to the highlands of the Upper Rhine. Hence, when summer comes, ambitious spirits, consolidating into caravans, migrate in search of the sublime. Pilgrimage is made to old Romanesque Churches, to Rhenish castles legend-haunted. It has been said that poetry and lyric music animate the wine-growing districts of the Rhine. Certainly the sketching ground which nature has provided as a domain to the school of Dusseldorf furnishes to the artist's portfolio capital material, whether in type of peasantry, character in costume, or picturesque ac-

cessories for backgrounds. The landscape capabilities of regions within reach of Dusseldorf—the vintage-clad Rhine, the hills of Bavaria, the mountains of the Tyrol, not to mention the accessible fiords of Scandinavia—have been turned to excellent account by Lessing, Leu, and Achenbach. It may be added that Bierstadt, the American, formed his style in Dusseldorf; it was there he learnt how to paint the Rocky Mountains after the approved German fashion. These and other artists of scarcely less renown place Dusseldorf landscape, notwithstanding its vicious colour, in the foremost position among rival national schools.

The Dusseldorf school has been divided between two contending factions—the one spiritual and ideal, the other natural and realistic. Of the former, the lovely church, worthy of a pilgrimage, at Remagen, on the Rhine, is the brightest manifestation. Upon the walls of this chapel, Deger, Ittenbach, Carl and Andreas Müller, all distinguished members of the Dusseldorf Academy, have given ardent expression to their pictorial, not to say religious, faith. This impressive interior of highly-wrought polychrome naturally suggests comparison with Giotto's Arena Chapel, Padua. Such modern German revivals, indeed, have much of the character and spirit of early Christian art. The forms are studiously lovely; the heads lofty and ideal in type; the draperies academic in symmetry; the colours refined and pure; the execution delicately soft. Certainly these lovely, though somewhat feeble and conventional, wall-pictures are not afflicted with the hardness, opacity, and crudity which often make German frescoes repellent. Unlike also to the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, the mural pictures at Remagen, in common with wall-paintings in Germany generally, remain just as fresh as when first painted.

In direct antagonism with the spiritual phase of the Dusseldorf school, as manifested at Remagen, is the naturalism and realism of which Karl Friedrich Lessing may be taken as the express exponent. This manly painter is best judged by the series of pictures from the Reformation of Huss, two whereof are familiar to Rhine tourists tarrying at Frankfort. An interesting narrative might be written of Lessing's career and Protestant creed, if he has one. It is generally supposed that the painter, as the champion of liberty and of nature, led a kind of Protestant revolt in the Academy of Dusseldorf against servility to tradition. On the other hand, we are assured that the defiant Huss pictures

were not hurled as painted pamphlets against the Church. Lessing, it seems to be admitted, holds to no one faith sufficiently firmly to side as a partisan in any polemic strife. In Christianity he loves what is simple in life, free in thought, manly in action. In his art he does not trouble himself with legends of saints or manifestations of the supernatural; he believes that the highest function of art is to set forth a noble humanity, to depict the great men, minds, and deeds in history; he is content to plant a firm foot in time and place, and he surrenders willingly to others the realms of imagination. The Dusseldorf school has profited by the doctrines of Lessing. On the easel of Tidemand may now be seen an altar-piece for a Protestant Church in Norway, "The Baptism of Christ"—a large work which, by its individuality, realism, and vigour, must be regarded as a direct reaction to the "spiritualism" that long reigned in Dusseldorf.

Professor Bendemann, now Director of the Academy, takes a middle course between "spiritualists" and "realists." He has just executed a vast cartoon, an episode in the destruction of Jerusalem; also a series of wall-paintings after a newly invented oil-process. Other signs of the times still more marked tell that a reaction has set in—that in Dusseldorf, as in Germany and the world at large, art has forsaken idealism for individualism. It may be to some people a consolation to learn that the frescoes at Remagen, Munich, and Spire, wherein the so-called spiritual school of Germany has expended its fervour, are not likely soon to fade away. German frescoes, we repeat, have stood well; unlike failures perpetrated in England, they are not discoloured or faded; they do not, as the mural pictures at Westminster, blister, break into eruptions, and finally fall as dirty dust from the walls. On the contrary, with some few unimportant exceptions, chiefly of works unprotected from the weather, frescoes in Germany after a trial of more than twenty years remain sound and intact as if painted but yesterday. It will remain a special honour to Dusseldorf that she has naturalized in Northern Europe this ancient Italian mode of mural decoration.

Intellectual life in Dusseldorf seems neither lower nor higher than at other centres where painters or sculptors congregate. Experience shows that, when an artist has worked hard during the morning, he surrenders the rest of the day to play. We hear, however, of certain literary and artistic associations, of pen and pencil clubs,

wherein, as in England, pictorial, poetic, and plain prose products are criticized and discussed to the mutual edification of artists, authors, and hearers. It is said moreover that æsthetics of the true transcendental sort find entrance into select art coteries, that thus speculative thought becomes as it were crystallized into visible and tangible form, and so in the end the arts in Dusseldorf may be supposed to reflect even the abnormal phases of the national mind. Perhaps at any rate it may be conceded that pictures produced within the last fifty years indicate that the Dusseldorf school has been brought into contact with some of the best intellects of the age.

From The Spectator, 26 Dec.

#### MR. BRIGHT AS AN OLD-TESTAMENT WORTHY.

MR. BRIGHT, in his striking little speech at Birmingham on the occasion of his reelection, likened his own feelings, when asked to become a Minister of the Crown, to those of "the great woman" of Shunem, in one of the most pathetic and striking of all the narratives of the Old Testament, who, when entreated by the prophet Elisha to tell him how he could use his interest for her "with the King or the captain of the host," answered, with grave simplicity, "I dwell among mine own people." It is not for the first time, and probably not for the twentieth, that Mr. Bright, in his speeches, has had recourse to the language of the Old Testament to express with the greater force and vividness the true feeling at the bottom of his heart. The present writer remembers perfectly the effect produced upon a vast audience in the days of Free-Trade monster meetings by the conclusion of one of Mr. Bright's speeches for untaxed bread, in which he reminded his audience of what "royal lips had uttered on divine authority, 'that the poor should not always be forgotten, that the patient abiding of the meek should not perish for ever.'" Quite lately he concluded one of his finest speeches on Ireland by reminding the House of Commons,—an audience rarely addressed in language of that kind,—of the promise that "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." With a little patience we could easily multiply many fold the proofs how deeply ingrained in Mr. Bright's imagination is the grave and sententious passion of the Old Testament. We do not, indeed, mean that either free trade or household suffrage are well-marked Old

Testament ideas, — that David wished for a foreign policy of non-intervention, — that Solomon had conceived even that necessary preliminary to the policy of a “free breakfast-table,” a taxed breakfast-table, — or that the compound householder of Birmingham was anticipated among the citizens of Joppa, Jericho, or Jerusalem. The Old Testament references to foreign policy are couched much more in the tone of Mr. Bright’s memorable “Perish, Savoy!” than in the tone of his universal-brotherhood speeches. Indeed, Moab and Edom are not unfrequently referred to in the Old Testament in terms not unlike those used by Mr. Bright of Turkey or Savoy, or any other State for whom England might be expected to go to war, and which Mr. Bright would at such times gladly declare to be his “wash-pot,” or aspire to “cast his shoe” over them, — not for good luck. Otherwise Mr. Bright is not quite in sympathy with the tone of the Old Testament on foreign policy. Ezekiel apparently did not approve of Tyre’s being a free port, and the trade with the Isles of Chittim, — the islands of the Mediterranean, — was by no means a matter of congratulation with him; and yet his denunciation of the unrighteous traffic of Tyre, — apparently the Greek slave trade, the trade with “Javan in the persons of men,” — was couched in language not unlike some of Mr. Bright’s. In short, though we are by no means disposed to think of the middle-class Member for Birmingham as strongly resembling an old Hebrew statesman or prophet, yet there is just enough of the Old Testament stamp in him to produce a certain grandeur and picturesqueness of effect in its contrast with the indistinct political types of our modern days. In contrast, at least, to his chief colleagues, — to Mr. Gladstone, in whom religious and secular qualities are curiously mixed and confused, in a subtle amalgam of what we may call confluent contraries, reminding one more of the mixtures of type characteristic of worthies of the New Testament era than of the grand and simple outlines of the Old, — to Mr. Cardwell, who assuredly suggests nothing less than such a Hebrew minister of war as Joab, — to Mr. Lowe, whose mere existence tends to make the previous existence of Isaiah difficult of belief to a vivid imagination, — in contrast to these, at least, Mr. Bright seems to reassure us that the race of the Old Testament is really of one stock with the humanity of our own country and day. And there may be some interest, if there is not much instruction, in noting the features to which we refer, and which import, as we think,

through Mr. Bright, some snatch of the stateliness and passion (in its higher sense) of that great history into our rather petty, feverish, and technical modern politics.

In the first place, there is something of the stately simplicity of the Old Testament about Mr. Bright’s political style, and in his constant and profound insight into the relation of politics to domestic life. The confession in his speech the other day that it had been his ambition to grow a freer man as he grew older, whereas he found himself becoming more and more fettered by his obligations to his friends, his party, and his country, his evidently sincere expression of feeling that “to speak for him” to the Queen was doing him the very opposite of a personal service, since, like “the great woman” of Shunem, he “dwelt among his own people,” is a fair illustration of this simplicity. But there are other instances still more striking, not only of this dignified simplicity, but of that value for domestic life as at the heart of national life, which reminds us of the political tone of a period when a shepherd was on the throne, and his ministers and friends brought home to him his sins as a king, by the freshest and simplest incidents taken from domestic life. Who but Mr. Bright could have spoken to the House of Commons, — and spoken to it with the greatest effect, — in such language as this, in pleading for a definite line of policy on the great Civil War in America? — “I want to know whether you feel as I feel on this question. When I can get down to my home from this House, I find half-a-dozen little children playing upon my hearth. How many members are there who can say with me that the most innocent, the most pure, the most holy joy which in their past years they have felt, or in their future years they have hoped for, has not risen from contact and association with our precious children? Well, then, if that be so, if, when the hand of death takes one of these flowers from our dwelling, our heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and our household is covered with gloom, what would it be if our children were brought up to this infernal system, — one hundred and fifty thousand of them every year brought into the world in these Slave States, amongst their ‘gentlemen,’ amongst this ‘chivalry,’ amongst these men that we can make our friends?” The grave simplicity and the power of simple domestic feeling in that passage, made subservient, as it was, to a political rebuke in the most reticent and fastidious political assembly in the world, has scarcely any better parallel — different as of course the style must ne-

cessarily be, — than Nathan's narrative to David of the pet lamb stolen by the rich man from the poor.

And this tendency of Mr. Bright's to reduce political policy and events as far as he can to their real meaning in their bearing on domestic life, though it does, we think, not unfrequently mislead him into a view of war more humane than just, is closely allied with another great quality in which he shows some affinity to the statesmen of the Old Testament, — the faculty of *vision* which, wherever it can, puts a *picture* in the place of an argument. Political economy truly understood requires a good deal of imagination in one sense, but it is the clear imagination of intrinsically uninteresting transactions. Mr. Bright, however, even in his speeches on Free Trade, translates his arguments into pictures of a higher kind, pictures requiring power and passion to paint. Does not this bit of a speech delivered in 1845 at a meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League, considered as a plea against the Corn Laws, imply a very remarkable faculty of vision, — something indeed of a Hebrew seer's power, though applied to a different field of thought? — "Since the time when we first came to London to ask the attention of Parliament to the question of the Corn Law two millions of human beings have been added to the population of the United Kingdom. The table is here as before; the food is spread in about the same quantity as before; but two millions of fresh guests have arrived. . . . These two millions are so many arguments for the Anti-Corn Law League, — so many emphatic condemnations of the policy of this iniquitous law. I see them now in my mind's eye ranged before me, old men and young children, all looking to the Government for bread, some endeavouring to resist the stroke of famine, clamorous and turbulent, but still arguing with us, — some dying mute and uncomplaining. Multitudes have died of hunger in the United Kingdom since we first asked the Government to repeal the Corn Law, and although the great and powerful may not regard those who suffer mutely and die in silence, yet the recording angel will note down their patient endurance and the heavy guilt of those by whom they have been sacrificed." Has not that in it a snatch of some of the prophetic descriptions of famine? "Lift up thy hands towards the Lord for the life of thy young children that faint for hunger in the top of every street. . . . The young and the old lie on the ground in the streets."

Again, Mr. Bright's power of wrath, — not personal vindictiveness, for no man is

usually less personal than Mr. Bright in his assaults, though he did once withstand Mr. Disraeli to the face for his "mixture of servility and pomposity," — but his power of concentrating into a sentence scorn and loathing for a policy that he thinks dishonest and injurious, is quite Hebrew in its force. We need only remind our readers of his denunciation of the policy of building the *Alabama*: — "There may be men outside, there may be men sitting amongst your legislators, who will build and equip corsair ships to prey upon the commerce of a friendly power, — who will disregard the laws and the honour of their country, — who will trample on the proclamation of their Sovereign, and *who for the sake of the glittering profit that sometimes waits on crime will cover themselves with everlasting infamy.*" Has not that in it some of that old Hebrew wrath, — anger which is not mortification, not, even in the least degree, personal irritation, but that impersonal wrath which dilates character, the sort of wrath which Luther said was purifying, and without which he could not write?

Most of all, Mr. Bright is, we will not say, the most religious of our statesmen, — he is probably not so, certainly not more profoundly religious than the Prime Minister, — but his religion is of the Old Testament type. We do not mean this in the sense of ecclesiastics, we do not mean that it rests more on "the law" and less on the love of God than that of other public men; but that it is of the Old Testament type in the sense of affecting him directly through his political imagination, in the sense of giving to the larger questions of political life a special religious bearing, which they have not, at least do not seem to have, in the minds of other statesmen. Of course, numbers of politicians besides Mr. Bright use the ordinary formulæ about "Providential" guidance. But Mr. Bright does not speak in formulæ. He may not indeed exactly believe in the "Lord of Hosts," though even of that he showed traces during the great civil war in the United States. But he does believe in One who overrules the evil actions even of armies, and who brings 'light out of darkness' for the upright, where man would least expect it. "Whether," he said, five years ago, "whether the war in the United States will give freedom to the race which white men have trampled in the dust, and whether the issue will purify a nation steeped in crimes against that race, is known only to the Supreme. In His hands are alike the breath of man and the life of States. I am willing to commit to Him the issue of this read

contest; but I implore of Him, and I beseech this House, that my country may lift nor hand nor voice in aid of the most stupendous act of guilt that history has recorded in the annals of mankind." That certainly is not couched in the primitive and simple style of the Old Testament. But remembering that it was spoken in the House of Commons, it has the impress of that large and devout faith in God's government of the world which is rarely enough expressed by our politicians, and which gives to politics a solemnity and grandeur of the ancient and higher kind.

We are by no means insensible to those political qualities of Mr. Bright's which tend to identify him with some of the poorest elements of our modern middle-class prejudice. Still, take him as a whole, and we shall scarcely find another statesman in the House who does so much to give to our political life the simplicity of a passion that is neither petty nor personal; the vision of one who sees many of those implied meanings of abstract policy on which other men only reason and think; who expresses, with so great a power to kindle in others, the wrath which political meanness and selfishness deserve; and who discerns so steadily, through the blinding twilight which we call day, the vision of a world of order diviner and nobler than our own. Surely, with all his faults, Mr. Bright is not a figure whom our national Parliament could spare.

From *The Spectator*.

MR. BROWNING'S NEW POEM.\*

As Mr. Browning issues his new poem in instalments, we may well suppose that he wishes it to be read, and studied, and conceived in instalments; indeed, that, with the help his prologue gives us, each of the subsequent parts (of which each volume, except the first, which contains two, will seemingly contain three) will form a whole in itself, organically complete, though suited, like each of the parts of the old Greek tragedies, to constitute, in conjunction with the other poetic facets or developments of the same story, a still more impressive and various whole. So far as we can judge from the quarter now presented to us, no one of Mr. Browning's works is likely to take a stronger hold on the public mind, if any so strong — the only disadvantage being what the public may think its

alarming length, though four small volumes about a tragedy so rich in picture and passion as this do not strike us as too much for any one who can really enter into Mr. Browning's works. Anyhow, the publication in instalments will do much to get over this difficulty. A public that has once tasted will not be satisfied to desist till it has drunk off all it can get of the draught, and this little volume is certainly in itself by no means alarming, offering as it does two separate pauses to the reader, and rising in fascination as it travels round each separate wind of the spiral in which the narrative mounts upwards towards a complete view of the tragedy on which it is based.

The story itself, as far as the mere germs go, is easily told. Mr. Browning found on a bookstall in Florence, — the description of the scene of the discovery is one of the most graphic passages of the poem, — amidst much rubbish, an old book, part print, part MS., purporting to be the actual pleadings in a Roman murder case of the year 1698, in which one Count Guido Franceschini, of Arezzo, with four cut-throats in his pay, murdered his wife, a child of seventeen years who had a fortnight ago borne him an heir, and with her the old couple who had brought her up, and who had at first given themselves out as her parents. The Count and his four accomplices were arrested before the death of the wife (Pompilia), who survived her wounds four days. Count Guido pleaded, first, that the murder was a justifiable vindication of his honour, since his wife had fled from his house to Rome with a certain handsome priest, Canon Caponsacchi, and had been incited to this crime by the old couple who had brought her up, and who had passed themselves off on her husband as her parents. To this the prosecuting counsel rejoined that he by his horrible cruelty and treachery had deliberately set a trap for her, intending to drive her from his home in this Canon's company in order that he himself might get a divorce and still keep her property, — that the girl was pure of all guilt, and that the letters produced as hers to Caponsacchi had been deliberately forged by the husband, she herself being unable either to read or write; on which the judgment of the tribunal was death to Guido and his accomplices. Thereupon, however, there was an appeal to the Pope in person, as Count Guido, though a layman, had taken some steps towards holy orders, and was to a certain slight extent entitled to the special privileges of the priesthood; whereupon the

\* *The Ring and the Book*. By Robert Browning, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In 4 vols. Vol. I. Smith and Elder. 1868.



good old Pope, Innocent XII., then eighty-six years of age, and near his end, reviewed the case himself, at the instance, amongst others, of the Emperor's Envoy, who took the side of the nobleman; and after reviewing it, ordered the execution to take place immediately, in the most public spot in Rome. Such is the mere skeleton of the story. Mr. Browning makes it, of course, after his fashion, the occasion for a rich and shrewd semi-dramatic picture of all the various influences at work in the Roman society of the day; of the provincial society in the country towns of the Pope's dominions; of the poor nobility, the hangers-on of the Church, who danced attendance on the Cardinals, hoping for profitable sinecures; of the professional Roman lawyers, deep in ecclesiastical precedents, and Ciceronian eloquence, and in the verses of Horace and Ovid, who pleaded in the case; of the eloquent and brilliant worldly Churchman of the time, part priest, part fashionable poet; and finally, of the populace of Rome itself. It is part of Mr. Browning's plan to give us the view taken of this great case from all sides. In this volume, after his own prologue, he gives us the view favourable to Count Guido taken by one half of Rome, and then the view favourable to his victim taken by the other half of Rome. In the three subsequent volumes he is to give us, first, the educated or critical view of the pending trial taken in the most refined Roman drawing-rooms; then the criminal's own defence; then the dying wife's statement of her own case; then the speech of the handsome young Canon who took her away from Count Guido's cruelty at Arezzo; then the lawyers' pleadings on either side; finally, the working of the old Pope's mind on the day when he gives the final judgment; then Count Guido's last confession; and last, the poet's own final presentation of the pure gold of the tragedy, set free from all the alloys of accidental one-sided criticism.

Here is room enough for the free working of Mr. Browning's genius, and in this first volume, which is all we at present have, Mr. Browning's genius certainly has its fullest swing. He overflows, as he always overflows, in intellectual point, in acute comment, in quaint illustration. He is, as he always is, semi-dramatic, with the keenest of all eyes for every qualifying circumstance which alters the point of view of each age and each individual, — never quite dramatic, for we never lose sight of the critical eye of the poet himself, who discriminates all these different shades of thought, and tosses them off with a sharp-

ness of outline, and sometimes an intellectual touch of caricature, often a sharp sarcasm, that could not have proceeded from the *inside* of the situation he is painting for us, that could only proceed from one outside it like himself, but who is looking (very keenly) *into* it. He paints, as he always paints, with wonderful swiftness and brilliance, but also with a certain wilful carelessness and singularity, — something like the qualities shown in old David Cox's fine water-colour sketches, — and with a singular contempt for sweetness and finish of style. In fertility of intellectual resource there is no poetry anywhere like Mr. Browning's; in the brilliancy of his descriptions of character he has no rival; but for *beauty* of form he seems to us to have, as usual, almost a contempt. We do not mean that there are not here and there one or two lines of perfect loveliness, — not only in thought, but expression, — but that even the very finest are marred by the close proximity of crabbed English, and grammar so condensed as to be either grating or excessively obscure, and that very frequently his narrative, though lucid enough in drift, is couched in almost carefully eccentric English, — singular nouns with no article, and used in the abstract sense; plural adjectives accumulated on one substantive as the Germans only pile them; new-coined combinations of nouns like "ring-thing," the need for the coinage not being very clear; oddly interpolated ejaculations (quaint gestures of the narrator, as it were, interspersed in the narrative); and now and then a parenthesis, which is so long, striking, and interesting in itself as to break the current of the story in which it is imbedded, and give a grotesque effect to the whole, as if one gem were imbedded in the surface of another, — a curiosity, compounded of two beauties, but so compounded as to be itself not beautiful, only odd. Mr. Browning begins his story very characteristically. He says: —

"Do you see this square old yellow Book, I toss  
I' the air, and catch again, and twirl about  
By the crumpled vellum covers, — pure crude  
fact,  
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat  
hard,  
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centu-  
ries since?"

That seems to us highly expressive even of the intellectual fashion in which Mr. Browning treats his subjects, tossing them in the air to catch them again, twirling them about by their crumpled outside surfaces, and generally displaying his sense

of mastery, and the enjoyment which belongs to it, by acts not unfrequently something resembling caprice. Thus, the random, boyish, and almost freakish account of what Mr. Browning did with his intellectual prize when he had got it, seems to us as remarkable a piece of exuberance of intellectual spirits as ever an imaginative writer of the first order indulged in:—

'I took my book to Rome first, tried truth's power

On likely people. 'Have you met such names?  
Is a tradition extant of such facts?

Your law courts stand, your records frown a-  
row:

What if I rove and rummage?' — Why,  
you'll waste

Your pains and end as wise as you began!

Every one snickered: 'Names and facts thus  
old

Are newer much than Europe news we find  
Down in to-day's *Diario*. Records, quotha?  
Why, the French burned them, what else do  
the French?

The rap-and-rending nation! And it tells  
Against the Church, no doubt,—another gird  
At the Temporality, your Trial, of course?

—Quite otherwise this time,' submitted I;

'Clean for the Church and dead against the  
world,

The flesh and the devil, does it tell for once.'

—The rarer and the happier! All the same,  
Content you with your treasure of a book,  
And waive what's wanting! Take a friend's  
advice!

It's not the custom of the country. Mend  
Your ways indeed and we may stretch a point:  
Go get you manned by Manning and new-  
manned

By Newman, and, mayhap, wise-manned to  
boot

By Wiseman, and we'll see or else we won't!

Thanks meantime for the story, long and strong,  
A pretty piece of narrative enough,  
Which scarce ought so to drop out, one would  
think,

From the more curious annals of our kind.

Do you tell the story, now, in off-hand style,  
Straight from the book? Or simply here and  
there,

(The while you vault it through the loose and  
large)

Hang to a hint? Or is there book at all,

And don't you deal in poetry, make-believe,  
And the white lies it sounds like?"

Characteristic of Mr. Browning though they be, these extremely bad puns on Manning's, Newman's, and Wiseman's names do not seem to us fit element for a prologue which is to introduce us to so great a theme, although boldly, freely, and buoyantly treated, as is usual with Mr. Browning. When overlooking the irregularities of style, the wilful caprices of the poet's

immense and inexhaustible intellectual animation, we come to speak of the power with which the subject is treated, it is almost impossible to speak too highly. Always remembering that Mr. Browning's modes of thought never change as he passes from one point of sight to another; that, while rendering each new view,—individual or local, or it may be a class or party view,—with equal force and ability, the style of discourse, the springy, sharp definitions, the acute discriminations, the rapier-like thrusts of logic, are all the poet's own, and used by every one of his characters in succession,—it is impossible to speak too highly of the power with which he paints one "facet" after another of the tragedy he has taken for his theme. His own argument of what he is going to give us is itself, barring the puns and such oddities, as brilliant a picture in miniature of the social and moral conditions affecting the public view of such a crime as Count Guido Franceschini's in 1698, as was ever drawn of the past. The sketch of the view taken by that half of Rome favourable to Count Guido's pardon begins perhaps in a strain of thought somewhat too plebeian for the admirably intellectual characterizations in which the supposed speaker afterwards indulges. It seems to us, for instance, scarcely the same critic who was so eloquent about the fine effect presented by the bodies of the poor old murdered pair when laid out in the Church of San Lorenzo with a profusion of wax-lights all round them, and who afterwards gives us this description of the Canon Caponsacchi,—but whether it be or not, the description is not the less vivid:—

"And lo

There in a trice did turn up life and light,  
The man with the aureole, sympathy made flesh,  
The all-consoling Caponsacchi, Sir!

A priest—what else should the consoler be?

With goodly shoulder blade and proper leg,

A portly make and a symmetric shape,

And curls that clustered to the tonsure quite.

This was a bishop in the bud, and now

A canon full-blown so far: priest, and priest

Nowise exorbitantly overworked,

The courtly Christian, not so much Saint Paul

As a saint of Cæsar's household: there posed he

Sending his god-glance after his shot shaft,

Apollo turned Apollo, while the snake

Pomplilia writhed transfixed through all her  
spires."

Or take the description in the same division of the poem of how Count Guido's passion was excited on hearing of the birth of an heir whom he had supposed (or

rather is by the speaker supposed to have supposed) to be illegitimate, — how

“The overburdened mind  
Broke down, what was a brain became a blaze  
In fury of the moment.”

Or again, take this dramatic excuse for a man who revenges an insult to his personal honour by an act of personal violence, without calling in the aid of law :

“Had Guido, in the twinkling of an eye,  
Summed up the reckoning, promptly paid himself,

That morning when he came up with the pair  
At the wayside inn, — exacted his just debt  
By aid of what first mattock, pitchfork, axe  
Came to hand in the helpful stable-yard,  
And with that axe, if Providence so pleased,  
Cloven each head, by some Rolando-stroke,  
In one clean cut from crown to clavicle, —  
Slain the priest-gallant, the wife-paramour,  
Sticking, for all defence, in each skull's cleft  
The rhyme and reason of the stroke thus dealt,  
To-wit, those letters and last evidence  
Of shame, each package in its proper place, —  
Bidding who pitied undistend the skulls, —  
I say, the world had praised the man. But  
no!

That were too plain, too straight, too simply  
just!

He hesitates, calls Law, forsooth! to help.  
And law, distasteful to who calls in law  
When honour is beforehand and would serve,  
What wonder if law hesitate in turn,  
Plead her disuse to call o' the kind, reply,  
Smiling a little, ‘Tis yourself assess  
The worth of what's lost, sum of damage done:  
What you touched with so light a finger-tip,  
You whose concern it was to grasp the thing,  
Why must law gird herself and grapple with?  
Law, alien to the actor whose warm blood  
Asks heat from law, whose veins run lukewarm  
milk, —

What you dealt lightly with, shall law make  
out

‘Heinous, forsooth!’

Still more powerful is, we think, the third division of the poem, which gives the popular form of the view favourable to the victims and against the murderer. It is again, of course, Mr. Browning who speaks behind the mask; but the mask is good, and the voice behind tells as carefully what the supposed speaker might have felt, as if it did not give it in Mr. Browning's idiom. How fine is the sarcasm here.

“Though really it does seem as if she here,  
Pompilia, living so and dying thus,  
Has had undue experience how much crime  
A heart can hatch. Why was she made to  
learn

— Not you, not I, not even Molinos' self —  
What Guido Franceschini's heart could hold?

Thus saintship is effected probably;  
No sparing saints the process! — which the  
more  
Tends to the reconciling us, no saints,  
To sinnership, immunity and all.”

— how powerful the description of Count Guido driving his wife, “hemmed in by her household bars,” to destruction by chasing her “about the coop of daily life;” how grand and touching the picture of the battered mind of the old confessor who was so sure of Pompilia's innocence! —

“Even that poor old bit of battered brass  
Beaten out of all shape by the world's sins,  
Common utensil of the lazar-house —  
Confessor Celestino groans, ‘Tis truth,  
All truth, and only truth: there's something  
else,

Some presence in the room beside us all,  
Something that every lie expires before:  
No question she was pure from first to last.”

In short, the little volume, as a whole, contains perhaps more of Mr. Browning's brilliant intellectual flashes of many-coloured light than almost any of his hitherto-published works.

For pathos, and what comes near to lyric fire, there is no passage like that apostrophe which ends the prologue, the first couplet of which is the most truly inspired in all the range of his poems; but why has he ended such a passage with three lines so utterly obscure, — open to so many guesses and so little certainty, — as those which conclude it: —

“O lyric Love! half-angel and half-bird  
And all a wonder and a wild desire, —  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face, —  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart —  
When the first summons from the darkling  
earth

Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched  
their blue,

And bared them of the glory — to drop down,  
To toil for man, to suffer or to die, —

This is the same voice: can thy soul know  
change?

Hail, then, and hearken from the realms of  
help!

Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching hand —  
That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
What was, again may be; some interchange  
Of grace, some splendour once thy very  
thought,

Some benediction anciently thy smile: —  
Never conclude, but raising hand and head  
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach yet  
yearn

For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,

Their utmost up and on, — so blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy  
home,  
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes  
proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may  
fall !”

Mr. Browning describes “the British public” in this poem as “ye who like me not,” adding a grim “God love you,” — somewhat as clergymen pray for their enemies, — but if it does not like him, it is only because while, with so great a power of lucidity, he will spoil his finest poetry by careless hieroglyphics such as these, — the mere shorthand of a poet, which to him, no doubt, recalls with sufficient precision what was in his own mind when he wrote it, but what certainly is not adapted to call it up for the first time in those who cannot know, from what is written, whether they have ever yet had it in their mind or not. But it is scarcely true that the British public love not Mr. Browning. They love him more and more, at all events. And the more they love him, the less they like the carelessness with which a poet of so much power of speech slurs over the great faults in his own style. Still, if the other three volumes of this poem are equal to the first, they will add greatly to the rich mires of intellectual wealth, full partly of gold ore, in less degree of sifted gold, to be found in Mr. Browning’s writings.

From The Spectator, 26 Dec.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE QUEEN CITY.

ONE of the most curious of the many changes which of late years have passed over political thought, is the alteration in the political value attached to particular morsels of the world’s territory. Harbours, especially if very good indeed, have decidedly increased in price. Ships have grown bigger and deeper, and sea-borne trade more essential, while the expense of constructing by artificial means safe shelters for the ships and convenient depots for goods has increased, till it daunts nations who think of millions as people a few years ago thought of thousands of pounds. There is no overplus of first-class harbours now in the world, not by any means too many ports into which the Admiralty would like to send a five or six-thousand-ton steamer, or in which a modern navy could ride at ease, or about which trading persons with geographical instincts would build up great cities. In England Milford Haven is the only per-

fect harbour, that is, a harbour which would, if conveniently near the great routes, hold ships of any size yet built, and is not too open to a dangerous sea; there is scarcely a perfect one on the continent; America boasts only two or three; we know of only two in Asia, and the remainder of the world offers only four or five. To put the case in its extreme form, art and nature being estimated together, there are not ten ports in the world in which the *Great Eastern* could conveniently refit. On the other hand, mountains have decidedly sunk in value. Very few of them are worth anything in a political sense. Most of the lonely mountain fortresses, once so impregnable, are now accessible to long-range artillery, and the advantage of cooping up a few soldiers in a place where nobody can get at them and they can get at nobody has become imperceptible. Mountain ranges have their importance, as they can be defended, and besides, impress the imagination, and they make invasion troublesome, — though Bismarck entered Bohemia unchallenged, — but we cannot recall an isolated hill in Europe for which an invader would be content to give thirty years’ purchase as a “natural fortress.” He would starve it, or shell it, or leave it alone, and it would never hold a modern army. There is not a hill capital left in the world, not a place on a mountain worth as a means of national defence ten Monsell guns or a little fleet of Mosquito ironclads. Even the great strategical points of the world, for which so much blood has been shed, are losing their hold over the imagination of mankind. Thirty years ago a public man who proposed to Englishmen to give up Gibraltar, “fortress gate of the Mediterranean,” would have been ostracized as a fool beyond the range of serious argument; and even now there are, we suspect, Englishmen who would think such a cession almost a proof of lunacy. It would be difficult, nevertheless, to find an English statesman who valued the Rock at half the price of the sugar duty; and a general officer, with an hereditary claim to be something more than a soldier, has this week openly proposed its exchange for Ceuta, and nobody has pelted him yet, or will pelt him. Ceuta has a future, Gibraltar has not, and we are the people of the future. In Asia, owing to some difficulties about coal, and perhaps to a little of the old leaven which lingers about Anglo-Indian opinion, there is a place or two supposed to have some special value; but there are cool engineers with military experience who have doubts about the value of Aden, and who do not understand why Lord Palmerston

told so many fibs about the lighthouse on Perim. What will all those guns there do? Coaling stations are useful, and bonded warehouses, but beyond those two accidental and as it may be temporary necessities, the political world is not quite convinced that any place not producing revenue, or affording room for man, or offering the advantages of a natural dockyard, can be of any particular political value.

The general change which has passed over opinion makes one particular exception the more remarkable, and we have been asked this week by a friend, somewhat given to belief in the nineteenth century, why the world, which has rejected the worship of high places, and of little islands, and of spots supposed to command straits, should believe so very deeply in the importance of a third-rate city in South-Eastern Europe. Why think so much, or talk so much, or spend so much about Constantinople? What does it matter if Russia acquires the Turkish capital, or anybody else? The world will be where it was, or rather better than it was, and nations will be strong or weak according to their numbers, their spirit, and their "resources," — that is, in less vague phraseology, their power of obtaining great quantities of the expensive material of modern war. It is a sensible question, and one which for many reasons we should be glad to answer by an assertion that Constantinople is of no importance at all to mankind, only that answer unfortunately would be the reverse of the truth. It is very important, so very important to certain people under certain circumstances, that its possession, if those people threatened it, and those circumstances occurred, might be worth a good, big, dangerous, costly, bothering fight.

The old, old theory about "the balance of power," which everybody nowadays ridicules, more particularly and more easily if he has not, unlike Mr. Bright, any clear idea of what he is ridiculing, had, we take it, one sound idea at its basis. It would not do to let any one power found a universal monarchy, or granting that to be unlikely, a monarchy so powerful that every nation which wished to keep its independence, its own ways, its own prejudices, its own civilization, its own ideal, should be compelled to maintain a restless *qui vive*, to turn itself into an armed sentry-box or military cantonment. Life in that case would for the remainder of mankind be much more burdensome; there would be more taxes, a heavier conscription, more drill, less vividness in politics, less variety of development, and generally, we suspect, less vigour

of intellectual life. At least, the approach to universal monarchy has hitherto produced very few men of the highest brain except for the exact sciences, and the resistance to it has evolved a great many. Well, there are one or two races who seem to thoughtful persons, reasoning about that as they would about anything else, able if they secured certain geographical positions to assume that attitude to the world at large. We will not quote Louis XIV., or Napoleon, or the ideas of their enemies about them, because of course a man's grandfather is a fool in the eyes of his grandson, — and very properly, else we should always be listening instead of thinking, which would be wearisome, — and we will talk to grandsons only. They will admit that a strong man standing in his own porch is more dangerous to passengers, if he wants to be dangerous, than inside his house. Well, Russia in possession of Constantinople would be in just that position; and so would Germany be, if she were suzerain from Pesh southwards; or, for that matter, England, if she had a railroad from Scutari to India. The specialty of Constantinople, the virtue for which men have fought for it for twelve hundred years, is just this, that any strong man who holds it and the territory immediately north of it can hit anybody he likes without being hit in return. He strikes out at ease, while his adversary hits his knuckles against pillars. That does not matter, if he is weak, like the later Greek, or a worn-out barbarian, like the Turk; but suppose he is at once strong and aggressive. A Romanoff master of Constantinople would have an unassailable depot, or fortress, with a huge dockyard, the Sea of Marmora, on the eastern side, inaccessible to any flag but his own; a huge close harbour, the Bosphorus, in front; and a huge fortress, which he would build at very slight expense, — for twenty 100-pounders on Monsell carriages, would shut the entrance against anything but a bird, — upon the west. He could build fleets for ever which nobody would even see, and could strike any place in the Mediterranean, without a chance of reprisals. If engineers may be trusted, any man in the profession, with European workmen, a couple of millions, and absolute power, could place Constantinople beyond the reach of assault, making of it a fortress to which Cronstadt would be a toy, — and a British fleet with a Napier on board did not take Cronstadt. Nobody would be able to get near it, any more than to get near Tobolsk, while its owner could get near anybody, as the Viceroy of Tobolsk cannot do. He would be a long armed-



boxer, master at once of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, of the mouths of the Danube, the mouths of the Volga, and the mouths of the Nile; would control or menace the Northern coast of the Mediterranean, where the present is so great; threatening Marseilles, and Naples, and Athens, and Trieste all at once; and of the southern coast, where the future is so possible. Moreover he would be driven, partly by the prestige of his capital, which would make it the resort of all the discontented in Western Asia, partly by his own natural hunger for beautiful properties easily acquired,—for revenue, in fact,—to conquer Asia Minor and Egypt, which would lie, as it were, at his doors; and, if he were decently prudent, would ask him to come in. The Fellahs would accept Satan if he rid them of the Pasha and let them have their lands as Russian villagers in the interior have their lands. This would be to seize the fairest countries of Asia and the only country in Africa worth having; to possess regions which wisely governed would yield endless cash, and open routes to any conquest the Czar might, from judgment, or ambition, or even caprice, heartily desire. Behind, in the cold North, would lie myriads of obedient soldiers; by his side, timid, though jealous enemies; in front, a rich population, ready to be serfs. The Czar would be an armed man in a porch ready to rob any passenger weaker than himself, but almost unassailable by the police of the world. He might not wish to assail anybody,—that is a possible theory about any politician,—but he would have every temptation to do it, he could not be hurt if he did, and he would be very much pressed by those around him to try, more pressed than the Indian Viceroy is to annihilate the last vestiges of native independence. He would be surrounded, in fact, by races who need strong order, to whom he could give strong order, and whose conquest would therefore seem an act of mercy. No doubt he could, if too dangerous, be resisted in the end. The rise of America has altered all European conditions, and it is difficult to conceive the power to which the English-speaking peoples, once united in offensive and defensive alliance, could not dictate terms of peace, or rather the ultimate limits of war. But the statesmen of Europe have hitherto held it wiser not to let affairs arrive at so extreme a point of tension, to insist that no power should rise to such a height as to be unassailable, to lay down the proviso that a nation which has natural advantages such as Russia has in her snows and size, and England in her insular position, should not be allowed to conquer other and

equal advantages, and thus combine very many modes of attack with very few necessities for defence. The statesmen may be wrong in their opinions,—we by no means deny it,—but they are not wrong in their facts, namely, that Russia in getting Constantinople would get a hundred opportunities of attack without incurring one extra liability for defence, that Constantinople is the natural fortress of the world, the one position in which it might be possible to build up a power that would compel the remainder of mankind, if they liked independence, to sleep always under arms.

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From The Saturday Review.  
ALASKA.\*

THE author of this agreeable book of travel and adventure will perhaps be confounded by many persons with his brother, whose name was brought so prominently before the public in connection with the melancholy misadventure upon the Matterhorn three summers ago. Mr. E. H. Whymper has since devoted his energies to an attempt to penetrate—with, we believe, but moderate success—the unknown interior of Greenland. These gentlemen have evidently much in common, as artists, lovers of adventure, and graphic delineators of what comes in their way. We confess that we are glad to see physical and mental gifts like these find scope where they can exercise themselves with greater safety to their owners, as well as with fuller profit to mankind, than on the bare slope of some simply dangerous precipice. For strength, hardihood, and every resource of a trained intellect to be staked upon the barren honour of rivalling the chamois in glacier climbing, or of breathing strata of air too rare for the beat of anything heavier than the slight wings of the butterfly, seem to us among the least warrantable of human risks. It is, then, with satisfaction that we see the muscular prowess, the thirst for adventure, and the artist's eye for what is grand or picturesque in nature turned to more practical and instructive pursuits than that which so commonly absorbs the energies, and occasionally thins the ranks, of the Alpine Club. The region selected by Mr. Frederick Whymper for working off his superfluous energy—which was at the time, he tells us, lying fallow—is one

\* *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska, formerly Russian America, and in various other Parts of the North Pacific.* By Frederick Whymper. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1868.

which has of late attracted much of public attention, having previously been one of the least known and most lightly prized sections of the globe. The purchase of Alaska, as the Russian province of North America is called, by the United States Government has awakened a lively interest in that region; and whatever relates to its natural features, its inhabitants, its existing state, and its possible resources, comes to us with the twofold charm of novelty and material interest. Mr. Whympers was able to take with him the requisite qualifications for breaking ground in that new and, in many respects, rough and uncivilized quarter, as the results of his explorations in the clearly written and cleverly illustrated volume before us suffice to testify. His book includes recollections of an earlier expedition through our own territories of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, which have already been made sufficiently known to us. His rambles, moreover, in this later journey extended to several points of interest among the islands and the seaboard of the North Pacific, and his return voyage included a visit to San Francisco and the usual lions of that most rapidly going-ahead of New-World communities. But all that is most original and striking in his narrative centres in his experiences of life in the lately ceded territory, and in the estimate which his graphic pictures of its physical aspects and of its people encourage us to draw for the future.

"Alaska Territory"—the title by which the whole of what was lately Russian America is to be known in future—though as good a name, Mr. Whympers remarks, as any other, is, he bids us take notice, founded apparently upon a mistake. It seems to have been taken from the title of that long peninsula of Aliaska, with which the maps have long made us familiar. The name has not hitherto extended to the entire territory between the British dominions and Behring's Straits. Our author's thanks are paid to Mr. Arrowsmith for the trouble taken by him to work out the crude material laid before him in the traveller's notes and observations. The map thus resulting, together with that illustrating more in detail the course of the Yukon river, prepared, it appears, to accompany the paper contributed by Mr. Whympers to the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, has been obligingly lent by that body for the purposes of the present publication. The mouths of the river have here been drawn out from the sketches of Mr. Smith, of the Western Union Telegraph Expedition. The

lower course is compiled from the reports and charts of Lieut. Zagoskin, of the Russian Imperial Navy, with other sources. The upper course to Fort Yukon is laid down from the bearings, distances, and notes of the writer himself. A glance at the previous delineations of this territory in our best atlases will show how much our knowledge of geography in that quarter has gained in extent and precision by the travels of Mr. Whympers.

By the cession of "Alaska" Russia has not only enriched her exchequer to the extent of seven million dollars, but has rid herself of an isolated possession of dubious value. On the other hand, upwards of 400,000 square miles of territory have been added to the already vast domain of Uncle Sam. Much hostile criticism was spent at first upon this bold and independent speculation of Mr. Seward. "Our new possession of Walrus-sia" figured in many a smart epigram and mock advertisement. Already, however, the tide of popular opinion has turned, now that American enterprise has fairly begun to develop the resources of the country. Coal has been discovered at Cook's Inlet, and an important find of gold on the Tagus river has set the tide of adventure violently in that direction. Many there are who see in this purchase but the first move towards an American occupation of the whole continent. Canada and all British North America will, they think, sooner or later be merged in the United States. Some, like our author, hold that such a transference would be for the advantage of those dependencies. However that may be, there can be no doubt of Walrus-sia being destined to cut a figure in the history of the New World. Already has the capital, Sitka, sprung from the proportions of a fishing-village to those of a thriving city of 2,000 souls, where the "locations," or plots of ground command Californian prices. For a small log-house 10,000 dollars have been asked. This city, we are told, enjoys the unenviable position of being about the rainiest place in the world. It does not, however, rain quite all the year round, for, like another country with which we have become familiar nearer home, "whiles it snaws." The climate is by no means severe, the thermometer seldom falling below twenty degrees of Fahrenheit. The puffs of the United States press concerning the agricultural resources of their new acquisition, Mr. Whympers declares are all moonshine. A few potatoes and beans and such like vegetables may be grown there, but "there is not an acre of grain in the country." Next

to furs and mineral wealth the fisheries bid fair to be the most productive branch of commerce. Salmon so abound in the rivers as during spring-time to impede the passage of boats. They are driven on shore by the wind in heaps. They often run in size to the length of five feet. From 100,000 to 150,000 of these fish are exported annually to the Sandwich Islands and elsewhere. Deer and game of many kinds may be had for the asking, and the bears are innumerable. Owing to this abundance of food, the natives are the laziest of savages. The Kalosh Indians, who inhabit the coast between the Stekine and Chilcat rivers, have a bad reputation, and are by no means a prepossessing people. They are fond of painting themselves in red, black, or blue stripes and patches. Their huts or shanties are of the common Esquimaux type, with a passage underground from the main chamber to the sleeping-room. The smoke-hole being most commonly closed by a deerskin, while men, women, children, dogs, dried skins, fish, and offal are heaped together in indiscriminate masses, the atmosphere is hardly to be imagined. Their canoes, of birch bark, and their skin "baidarkes" (kyacks), are not equal to those of Norton Sound and the northern coast. Their burials are peculiar. Graves being hard to dig in the frozen ground, most of the tribes burn their dead. The ashes are preserved in grave-boxes, or portable tombs of singular and often artistic device. Specimens of these are drawn by the writer. On one of them a number of faces were painted, with long tresses of human hair hanging therefrom, each representing some victim of the deceased one's ferocity. Up the Yukon river some of the tribes heap over the bodies of the dead cairns of stones or piles of deer horns. The natural feeling for art is amusingly shown in the rude but highly characteristic carving in stone of a Russian soldier. The high cheek-bones, stolid features, and martinet figure are done with infinite life and truth.

Our author's expedition up the Yukon river was undertaken in connexion with the abortive enterprise on behalf of Russo-American telegraph communication. It was in the capacity of a volunteer artist that he attached himself to the party of about thirty Europeans, under Colonel Bulkley, who started from the coast in November, 1865. The usual difficulties of sledge travel — walking in snow-shoes, contending with the vagaries and desertion of dogs, the filth and dishonesty of Indians, together with the fierce extremes of a polar winter — were duly met and manfully sur-

mounted. We can feel for the trials of an artist essaying to sketch with the thermometer 35° below zero. Water colours were soon found to be a hopeless mockery. All hardships, however, were forgotten in our author's zeal for adventure, and in face of the scenes and incidents which his notebooks enabled him to bring home. The sight of the Yukon, a river from one to four miles broad at 2,000 miles from the sea, frozen as it was at the time of his visit, filled him with thoughts of the capabilities of the country. Such a climate, however, must, we think, put an effectual bar to any considerable or continuous traffic, or material development. A good deal has been done to penetrate and describe this corner of Northern America, not only by early voyagers and the emissaries both of the Government and the fur companies of Russia, but by Captain Bedford Pim and other officers engaged in the search of Sir John Franklin. The grave of one member of Captain (now Admiral) Collinson's expedition was seen by the author in the little burial-ground behind the post or fort of Nulato. The tale of his treacherous murder, and of its vigorous punishment at the hands of the loyal natives, was told by the Russians at this spot: —

Lieutenant Barnard was landed at St. Michael's on October 12th, 1850, and remained there till the Commander of the post at Nulato came down in the early winter. He then accompanied this Russian up to the Yukon, travelling there by the route used by ourselves. Mr. Adams, an Assistant-Surgeon, R. N., and one seaman, were left at St. Michael's. On arriving at Nulato, Lieutenant Barnard despatched one of the employés of the Fur Company and an Indian to Co-Yukuk to make some inquiries. The Russian, on arrival there, fell asleep on his sledge, and in the absence of his Indian servant, was killed by the Co-Yukons. The Indian, who had gone but a little way to obtain water, on his return found his master dead, and immediately ran away affrighted. The others beckoned him back, saying they had no intention of injuring him. He, believing them, returned, and as he approached, was shot by arrows, and killed also.

The murderers — numbering, it is said, more than a hundred men — then started down for Nulato. About forty Nulato Indians were congregated in some underground houses, near the mouth of the Nulato River, and not more than a mile from the post. The Co-Yukons surrounded these dwellings, heaped wood, broken canoes, paddles, and snow shoes over the entrance and smoke-holes, and then set them on fire. All of the unfortunate victims below were suffocated, or shot in attempting to escape. Only five or six solitary Nulatos are now in existence.

The denizens on the banks of the noble

Yukon catch somewhat of natural pride from the grandeur of a stream which even the Americans of the party were wont to compare with the Mississippi. "We are not savages," is the boast of the natives, "we are Yukon Indians." The break-up of the river in the middle of May was a splendid scene, but one of no little peril and hardship to the party who had to face the surging and grinding masses in their frail seal-skin canoe. Better, however, this tough and flexible material than the cedar wood or birch bark of British Columbia or of the Indians of the Newcargut or the Porcupine. These rivers, when free from ice, swarm with moose, the meat of which, fresh or dried, is the staple diet all the year round. In tea the natives, as in all places touched by Russians, are most fastidious. At the best British mixture their noses are turned up in scorn. Of more value, in their eyes, are English needles. Ten goose or wild-fowl eggs are given for a single one. So highly prized, indeed, were their civilized visitants, that on the withdrawal of the scientific force, the poor natives at Unalacheet, Norton Sound, hung black cloth, in token of mourning, upon the deserted telegraph poles. The cause of failure in the case of this bold telegraphic enterprise was the success of the Atlantic cable. It is obviously impossible for an alternative line through those inclement Arctic regions to hold its own, saving so far as local purposes may be subserved by the rapidly developing settlement being linked on to the general lines of American and European communication. What has been gained by the enterprise, and we may add, by our author's participation in it, is a valuable as well as curious addition to our stories of geographical learning, and to our knowledge of the out-of-the-way races of mankind. Mr. Whympers's studies in science have enabled him to contribute some special notices of interest regarding the singular curved chain of volcanic mountain peaks, not long ago the backbone of an upland range uniting Asia with America, which form the Aleutian islands. His companion in adventure, Mr. Dall, has put together a few notes on the geology of the Yukon, which are here reprinted from *Silliman's American Journal*. It is worthy of note that no glacial indications are here met with. It is the writer's opinion, though yet unproved, that the glacial field never extended in these regions to the west of the Rocky mountains, although small single glaciers still exist between spurs of the mountains which approach the coast. No

boulders or ice-scratches were met with, though carefully watched for. The range called the "Ramparts" is entirely of azoic rock, in which "a silvery greenish specimen of talcose appearance predominates." We should like to know whether this could be made, like the Laurentian beds of similar aspect, to yield the Eozoön. Slate beds are found in abundance with a north-westerly dip. The earliest vegetable remains noticed were those of the blue and brown sandstone, including casts of mollusca, *lamellibranchiæ*. A thin contorted seam of good bituminous coal crops out below the sandstones. Of pliocene remains—*Elephas*, *ovibos moschatus*, &c.—the plains are full. The Kottó river, emptying into the main stream above Fort Yukon, and the Inglutálic, emptying into Norton Sound, are held by the Indians in superstitious dread, on account of the immense number of fossil bones existing there.

Mr. Whympers has bestowed much attention upon the native languages. His vocabulary of the Co-Yukon dialect—spoken, with slight variations, for at least 500 miles along the lower river, with some words from the Ingeleti, a variety of the same,—will be found full of interest, especially if studied in correlation with the list of equivalent words from the tongue of the Kutchà-Kutchin Indians at the conjunction with the Porcupine river, furnished by Mr. Kennicott.

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From The Spectator.

#### CON AMORE.\*

THIS is a collection of masterly sketches, any one of which will repay study. Published originally in the *Westminster* and other magazines as separate articles, we think Mr. McCarthy has done well to gather these essays together and present them in a durable form. His range of subjects is sufficiently wide. Between Voltaire and Victor Hugo lies the Red Sea, through which the latter has walked as on dry land, though it has brought him no further than the Wilderness. We can but briefly present to our readers the forms and faces brought before us in this volume. We advise them to study it for themselves, and we think they will agree with us that often as it may be necessary to differ from Mr. McCarthy's conclusions, it is scarcely possible to do so without a sense that he con-

\* *Con Amore*. By Justin McCarthy. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

tributes by much impartial criticism to form the judgment which in the end may differ from his own. The first essay is on Voltaire, and he shows a very keen insight into the character of a man whose fate it has been to be extravagantly over-praised or over-blamed, the vehemence in either case proceeding from an over-estimate of the subject of it. He was never a great philosopher, "he was what Condorcet correctly termed an impatient spirit," and the two things are incompatible. As a satirist few men have wielded a weapon with a keener edge, but its blade was of no choice metal. He could expose to ridicule and contempt, as no other man could, says Mr. McCarthy, and "he was gifted with the most powerful weapon in the world." Scarcely; Voltaire's wit dealt with the surface, the crust of human life; it touched no vital part; much of it could not live beyond the hour that called it forth. Extravagant caricature is often wit committing suicide. The spring which would prove perennial must have its source deep down in the heart of the earth. Voltaire's wit had no such spring, his genius no such roots; his touch crumbled the cave of many giants, and left them shivering to the blast, but it was all it could do. He could perceive the results, but not the roots of human systems; the prejudices, fears, fallacies, doubts, and vices of poor human nature, but not the point where they "all touch upon nobleness." One of the commonest errors, says Mr. McCarthy, "is to ascribe to a man profound insight into human nature because he is quick in ferreting out certain special foibles or vices." No reputation is purchased more cheaply or is really more superficial. "He concentrated his gaze on the peculiar object he wished to satirize, till at length its proportions became magnified to his vision:" and we may add, his sense of its proportion to the whole was lost. It is good to have a microscopic eye, but when we fix our thoughts on the abscess in the back of an aphid, it is well to let the world know it is an aphid we are dissecting. Mr. McCarthy is fully alive to Voltaire's merits. "His ideas," he observes, "may be extravagant, but his style never is;" or again, "What an admirable pamphleteer Voltaire would have made, had he been but an Englishman! What inextinguishable ridicule he would have scattered over a Ministry or an Opposition! How irresistibly people would have been forced to think anything he laughed at deserving of laughter!" A man's true nature, he adds, quoting Goethe, is best divined by observing what he ridicules; and judged by this standard, he thinks posterity has dealt

hardly by Voltaire, and proceeds to a careful criticism of some of his lighter works, in which he used his weapon most unsparringly, maintaining that,

"Few of the leading satirists of literature ever so consistently and, all things considered, so boldly turned their points against that which deserved to be wounded. Religious intolerance and religious hypocrisy, the crying sins of France in Voltaire's day, were the steady objects of his satire. Where, in these stories at least, does he attempt to satirize religion? Where does he make a gibe of genuine human affection? Where does he sneer at an honest effort to serve humanity? Calmly surveying those marvellous satirical novels, the unprejudiced reader will search in vain for the blasphemy and impiety with which so many well-meaning people have charged the fictions of Voltaire."

The next essay is a sketch of Goethe, admirable in the entire sympathy with which the author enters into the poet's artistic nature. Whatever came from Goethe's hands was to be perfect of its kind; no matter that the work in hand was a trifle, a mere curiosity, its setting should be absolute in its beauty. He has taught us to what a point of polish, to what an exquisite fitness and adaptability he could bring the German language, and Mr. McCarthy requires of us that if we would judge the works of this great master at all we should consider them as strictly and liberally works of art, and remarks, "We do not ask that the marble Apollo shall fulfil any end but that of mere beauty. All we ask of the lapidary is to bring out every beam of the diamond, every flashing tint of the opal; the painter who has done nothing but produce fine landscapes or beautiful faces, we admit to have on the whole led no useless or ignoble existence; and no one feels disposed to arraign the public decree which sets him in a higher rank among the labourers of the earth, than his practical brother who combines painting with glazing." Assuredly, but it is impossible to forget that the bringing out of the beam of the diamond, the tint of the opal, has use in its highest form; all beauty is a revelation, and every fresh revelation is in its turn the fertilizing element in fresh thought, the ultimate outcome of which, let the free play of it last never so long, is action. Nor do we for a moment imagine Mr. McCarthy wishes us to forget this. No one knows more fully how far Goethe's master-pieces have influenced the whole mind and literature of Germany, shooting bright rays of light, unconscious of its intensity, over the mental condition of the whole of our own generation. He has thoroughly analyzed the attitude in which



Goethe stood to his work, having "recourse to the strength of his intellect to counterbalance the weakness of his character and the sensitiveness of his nerves. He dramatized his emotions: made them stand out objectively from him, and thus removed them away from himself. When grief became painful, he worked it off into a poem, and contemplating it artistically, no longer felt it as belonging to his own being." "Every emotion is crystallized into a stanza." In this essay Mr. McCarthy does not occupy himself with the graver works of Goethe, but with his minor poems and ballads, believing them to be the true revelation of the man himself. "He had no living confidant, and could only express his soul through his genius fully to himself." True, perhaps, of the inner nature of every great poet or artist, it comes out at times in Tennyson, as in Goethe, even to the injury of dramatic force, or the intense heightening of its power, as when Goethe makes Tasso say of Antonio:—

"Er besitzt,  
Ich mag wohl sagen, alles, was mir fehlt,  
Doch haben alle Götter sich versammelt,  
Geschenke seiner Wiege dazu bringen,  
Die Grazien sind leider ausgeblieben!"

— which Miss Swanwick has so aptly translated:—

"He possesses, I may truly say,  
All that in me is wanting. But, alas!  
When round his cradle all the gods assembled,  
To bring their gifts, the Graces were not there."

We know instinctively that Goethe was applying the inimitable description not alone or primarily to Antonio, but to the whole class whose mental calibre must have made them scourges to him and offences in his eyes.

Mr. McCarthy complains bitterly of the translation through which English readers are made familiar with Goethe's minor poems, and perhaps the attempt to render Goethe popular has not been without distinct injury to both author and reader. Certainly, if an Anglicized Homer be an anomaly, an Anglicized Goethe is worse. It is possible to present action in a new dress and not destroy its force, but Goethe plunges all thought into his own crucible, to reproduce it crystallized, and the process is vitiated and all coherence of the particles lost by the admixture of one foreign element. We have before us in these pages many instances of this dissolving process, but a short and simple instance must suffice, where—

"Da stehet von schönen Blumen  
Die ganze Wiese so voll.  
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,  
Wem ich sie geben soll."

—is thus translated:—

"The meadow it is pretty,  
With flowers so fair to see:  
I gather them, but no one  
Will take the flowers from me."

We have only to transfer such gross misinterpretations to verses of deeper meaning, and the result is not far to seek; but the popularizing mania, the determination to make knowledge or a counterfeit of knowledge cheap, is the canker at the very heart of our English system of education. There are, as Mr. McCarthy justly observes, distinct intellectual reasons why Goethe should never attain English popularity. "You must have mastered a certain amount of knowledge before you can understand him. Simplicity of style is a key-note of popularity, but not simplicity of style combined with intense subtlety of thought, and this combination is the characteristic of all save the most trivial of Goethe's poems." Even as it might be truly urged to be the characteristic of all great genius, it is equally true that all real greatness has in it a magnetic power to attract and draw up to itself, but the mind brought under its influence must bear the painful steps of the ascent.

We wish it were within the power of our limited space to do justice to the essay which follows. In the brief space of seventy pages Mr. McCarthy has contrived to give us a far better insight into the mental growth of Germany's much loved poet Schiller than we could obtain in fifty volumes of mere detail. He watches Schiller as he gradually emerges from the stormy protest of his youth, when he startled Germany and more than Germany by *The Robbers*; traces his calm appreciation of his own error when, finding the world a wider place to live in than his youthful imagination had pictured, "he comes to study men and women more closely, as he withdraws from his eyes the veil which his own personality drew around them." Here lay the secret of his strength—his intense sympathy with humanity in all its phases, in its darkest forms resembling still the "plants in mines that struggle toward the sun." Schiller's works are not the mere offspring of his brain dis severed from himself, but the revealings of a spiritual nature, which fed not upon itself, but on every form of human life and thought with which it was brought into contact. The student of Schiller while reading this essay will probably find his

own often misty conclusions placed before him with exceeding clearness, and an insight into the poet's meaning not too commonly to be met with.

Mr. McCarthy's study of Victor Hugo is a brilliant piece of criticism, open, we think, to some objections. With perfect appreciation of the great Frenchman's genius, he is not blind to his faults, to the over-elaboration with which at times, even in his most graphic sketches, he wearies the reader; or to the licentiousness in art which, allowing no limit to its proper province, revels in monstrosities of horror. It is chiefly in his estimate of *Les Misérables* that, while acknowledging the weight of argument on his side, we are compelled to differ from him. "The examination," he says, "of the character of Jean Valjean is the analysis of the whole scheme of philosophy, heart, and moral of the book," and he asserts that in criticizing this effort of Victor Hugo's genius and patient art we must see that it satisfies three requirements if it is to be pronounced a complete success:—

"First, is the character in itself, regarded simply as the ideal hero of Victor Hugo's story, a consistent, artistic, and impressive figure as the central form of the romance? Second, is it a successful picture of a probable, or at least possible, human being? Third—and from this final test we cannot release the creator of Jean Valjean—is it true as regards the practical moral which it professes to inculcate?"

As concerning the first of these requirements, Mr. McCarthy says, "I do not hesitate to pronounce the character of Jean Valjean absolutely perfect." To the second he has a distinct negative; Jean Valjean is not, in his estimation, a possible human being:—

"But admitting that the soul of Jean Valjean might have been thus miraculously regenerated, are we to believe that the habits and the manners stamped by half a lifetime of the prison and the galleys, of association with the rudest, the basest, and most brutal of human creatures, could have dropped off in a moment as the rags of the beggar girl in the pantomime give place at the touch of a wand to the lustrous garment and spangles and flowers of the Columbine? The transformation of Jean Valjean is absolutely not less miraculous and complete than that by which Byron's *Deformed* puts on in a moment the beautiful form and noble lineaments of Achilles."

We think it is just at this point Victor Hugo has been true to himself and to the highest art. "No trace," urges Mr. McCarthy, "of the habits of the hovel, the dungeon,

or the hulks betrays the Jean Valjean who sits by the bed of the dying Fantine; who nurtures, trains and loves Cosette." But Victor Hugo knew that such manners and such habits, inevitable though they might be, would be but the rough clothes disguising the man; that it was truer to the heart and brain of his hero if he revealed the working of the higher inner nature, even at the sacrifice of the man's very skin. The weight and thickness of convict manners would have concealed, *not destroyed*, exactly that which we conceive it was Victor Hugo's most intense desire to reveal.

"The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,  
If Heaven select it for an instrument,  
May shed celestial music on the breeze."

As to the third count, Mr. McCarthy asks, "Judged as its author has insisted that it shall be judged, as a moral and philosophical lesson, does the warmest admirer of *Les Misérables* pretend that it has helped us in the least towards a wiser and truer blending of justice and mercy than that which socially and judicially we strive to carry out?" We honestly believe that it has; that from the story of Bishop Myriel in all its impractical and half immoral beauty has been distilled the very essence of much sober-minded movement. The story itself has its roots in a truth which is eternal, but Victor Hugo would be untrue to himself could he leave us in the light which only flashes over his own mind; and much of the criticism of the pages before us is invaluable in the unerring accuracy with which it gauges the height and depth, and more especially the breadth, of as great a genius as France this day can boast. But the volume before us has lighter subjects. "The Bohemia of Henri Mürger" is very good. Mürger has tried to classify the shades, degrees, and classes of Bohemia. The great section of artists unknown to fame,—the men who have been called, but through some fatal mistake, ignorance of practical life, or what not, not chosen—he dubs "ignored Bohemia," and says, "it is not a road, but a *cul de sac*." While graphically describing the London Bohemia, Mr. McCarthy gives sufficient reasons for his belief that Bohemia, in its English phase at least, is an ephemeral institution; but if he be sanguine as to the short-lived duration of a phase of social life just now telling very distinctly upon us, he is less hopeful concerning the tone of society in general. There is, he says, a decided decadence of conversation. "They were a grand old race, the extinct professors of the art of

talk, the Johnsons and Burkes, and Coleridges and Goethes;" but he admits that "human life has grown too active for their brilliant monologues," while complaining that we have in no way supplied their places. He believes neither the nonsense nor the pedantry of the preceding generation was "so barren, so utterly empty, as the kind of thing which constitutes the staple converse of at least three-fourths of the ordinary drawing-rooms of the present days. We cannot believe our author's own experience has been so unfortunate, for he avers his disbelief in the axiom that "talents are nurtured best in solitude;" yet he asks, "Is there any one who has to meet many people and mix in general society who is not frequently forced to observe that in whatever else we are rising, the tone of our ordinary conversation is falling?" Is it? We doubt this much. The kings of society are, it is true (we think encouragingly true), beating their swords into ploughshares and pickaxes, and the keen edge of them is possibly somewhat blunted in the process, but the subjects of conversation are surely growing in wider, higher interest. The mere diffusion of scientific knowledge has of itself acted beneficially in this respect. To choose some passing year of an individual existence as a testing-point in a nation's growth would, we are confident, be deemed an unworthy argument by our author. Yet is it quite fair to put a Goethe or a Coleridge amongst the lights of a day that is dead? And letting our range extend over even the short space of some twenty years, will any one venture to assert that Sydney Smith was as a talker inferior to any but Johnson? Are Whately, Browning, and Thackeray to be passed by utterly? There is an epigrammatic sound in saying that "The bringing one's mind down to the proper level of ordinary conversational imbecility, and keeping it there, is a dreadful task;" but it is, at least, one which no rational human being need undertake. Sydney Smith, says our author, used to say that he had lived twenty-five years in the country and never met a bore, but he would have met nothing else had he set about "bringing his mind down to the proper level of conversational imbecility." There are, at least, two sides to this shield. Mr. McCarthy's judgment is no light one, but it is beyond the range of our more feeble imagination to conjure up the picture of an assembly "of men and women of intelligence and education" in which "for hours no intelligent thought is expressed." And yet, differ from him here and there as we may, as we glance back over the list of

subjects we are quitting, we rejoice that he has written for a generation which, if it cannot talk, can at least read.

#### THE SIX NIGHTCAPS.\*

THERE is much in these little books to inspire us with a kindly feeling towards them and their writer. One thing at least is certain, for we have tested it practically, that the young folks like them. We have sometimes thought that in reviewing children's books we were setting up a standard that was too purely ideal, we were legislating for children's tastes, dictating to them, not allowing them to choose for themselves. Sometimes it happened that a book which we thought well adapted for a young audience was received coldly. A story which we refused to read at first, and then read under protest, was applauded. The truth was we had forgotten that childish tastes were unformed. Perhaps we had been led astray by Wordsworth's panegyric on the best philosopher, the eye among the blind, whose external semblance doth belie his soul's immensity. Anyhow, till our mistake was shown us by experience, we rather misjudged some of these nightcap stories. We thought their lessons too obvious and elementary. Their humour as well as their sentiment seemed occasionally overdone. But after reading them through two or three times to boys of different ages, we were enlightened. We then saw that they were not meant for us, but for our children. Strictly speaking, we ought to keep a staff of boy reviewers on the premises, and about Christmas time we ought to give up a few columns to young writers and young readers. But our daily or weekly task is too serious for any such diversion. We have to write for the parents who put books into the hands of their children, not for the children who receive the books from their parents. And therefore it is to parents we address ourselves when we recommend these six little books of stories, and when we state that they are written for a gradation of children beginning with those who can only just read, and mounting up to those who can appreciate the poetry of fairyland. It is true that there are some stories in each book which will commend themselves to every age. Grown children read *Baby Nightcaps* with the patronizing air with which a boy of five calls his baby

\* *Baby Nightcaps; Little Nightcaps; Old Nightcaps; New Nightcaps; Big Nightcaps; Fairy Nightcaps.* By Aunt Fanny. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1868.

brother "little darling." The tricks played on the fairy prime minister in the last book of the series will amuse the youngest children, especially when they hear of his having to turn head over heels across three tight-ropes stretched in his way by a spider, of his having the gout from eating too much roast tiger-lily and of his almost cracking his left wing by sneezing after a pinch of dust of snap-dragon. But as a rule, the plan laid down by the author may well be followed, and parents may distribute the books according to the size of the print and the length of the stories.

It is not so easy for us to say why we like the nightcap books. We have admitted already that at first our critical judgment was not wholly in their favour. We have been converted by better judges, but they have not supplied us with any reasons for the conversion. A child likes a book because he likes it. A grown-up person must be able to give an account of his likes and his dislikes, if not instinctively, at all events by the force of habit. We can pick out certain stories which pleased us from the beginning. The descriptions of the fairy world with the little pink and white buttons of mushrooms springing out of the earth and making satin-wood tables for the fairy revel, of the golden buttercups full of sparkling May dew which had been bottled up for six weeks, and now foamed out its fragrance, took our fancy. "The Rose Crown," in *Big Nightcaps*, is an exquisite story. We hardly like to tell it, because it ought to be read through, and no summary could do justice to it. Then we are much pleased by the account of "Good Little Henry" who hears his mamma say that lifting him in and out of his bath makes her back ache. He steals quietly upstairs, puts one little chair at the side of the bath and another in the water, and steps in and out with their help. When his mamma, who thought he was still downstairs reading, finds out what he has done, he "jumps up and down," and

says, "Only look, dear mamma, what an excellent plan I have got to cure you! Your back will always be well now. It won't hurt the chair to have a ducking every night. *It will make it stronger.*" What a pleasant picture this gives us; the little boy jumping up and down while describing his sure way to improve the furniture! And there are plenty more nice children in the books. There are the children who can't speak plain, but call their brothers "bedders," and say they "sant" do things, and give new versions of Blue Beard, making out that his name was Blue Man's Beard, and that, instead of telling his wife that he would kill her, he said to his sister, "If you don't come down I gib you popping." And there are the children who, when they are being christened, pull off the clergyman's spectacles, and who land their porridge on the tip of their nose instead of guiding it into their mouth. And others go to church one Sunday when there is a collection, and march up the aisle during service, and put their bright new pennies into the plate, instead of waiting for it to be handed round. This variety of children, and the conviction that they are all drawn from life, give the nightcap books one great attraction. It is plain that we are admitted into the family confidence of the author. She expects that the children to whom she tells her stories will exclaim, "Why, mamma, I know Lily!" and "Why, it is Howard, little Howard!" Of course there cannot be the same amount of personal recognition on this side of the Atlantic, as there was in the State from which these six nightcaps have flown like so many small white balloons crossing the wide ocean. But we think there will be no lack of friendliness among English children for their new cousins and the aunt who has brought them over, and though no passport is needed, we hope our words may serve to introduce them into many families.

**METEORS.** — When we are told, remarks the *Express*, that seven and a half millions of meteorites, large enough to be visible at night, fall into our atmosphere in every twenty-four hours, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these never pass away again beyond its confines, the question naturally suggests itself — "How far are we safe from the effects of so tremendous a bombardment?" Granted that the major part of these missiles weigh but a few pounds, yet even so, we seem, at first sight, to be but inefficiently protected. Four-pounder guns, for example, have ere this worked serious mischief in battles and sieges. Nor will astronomers

even allow us the comfort of supposing that but few of the heavier missiles from outer space are hurled against our planet. On the contrary, we are told — and there is no reason for disputing the announcement — that many hundreds of the larger sort of aërolites fall in a single day into our atmosphere. The heaviest missiles made use of on board our iron-clads or in our most powerfully-armed forts are mere feathers compared to some few of the aërolites which are thus hurled at us. There is now in the British Museum the fragments of one of those aërolites, and this fragment weighs nearly six tons.

Public Opinion.

## THE OLD WORLD SPARROW.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

We hear the note of a stranger bird,  
That ne'er in our land till now was heard.  
A winged settler has taken his place  
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race ;  
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—  
The Old World Sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,  
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,  
But snug built homes on the friendly tree ;  
And crumbs for his chirping family  
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,  
For the Old World Sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,  
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,  
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,  
Which Harris and Flint so well describe  
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear,  
For the Old World Sparrow, their bane, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,  
May ripen now on the loaded spray,  
And the nectarine, by the garden walk,  
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk,  
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear,  
For the Old World Sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk,  
Who signs with his crescent his wicked work,  
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,  
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all  
His sly devices of cunning and fear,  
For the Old World Sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army worm and the Hessian fly  
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die,  
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek,  
In vain, to escape that busy beak,  
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,  
For the Old World Sparrow at last is here.

Hearth and Home.

## AT THE DOOR.

THE waters roll, quick-bubbling by the shoal,  
Or leap the rock, outfoaming in a bow.  
The wind blows free in gushes round the tree,  
Along the grove of oaks in double row,  
Where lovers seek the maidens' evening floor,  
With stip-step light, and tip-tap slight,  
Against the door.

With iron bound, the wheel-rims roll around,  
And crunch the crackling flint below their load.  
The gravel, trod by horses ironshod,  
All crackles shrill along the beaten road,  
Where lovers come to seek, in our old place,  
With stip-step light, and tip-tap slight,  
The maiden's face.

And oh ! how sweet's the time the lover's feet  
May come before the door to seek a bride,  
As he may stand and knock with shaking hand,  
And lean to hear the sweetest voice inside ;  
While there a heart will leap to hear once more  
The stip-step light, and tip-tap slight,  
Against the door.

How sweet's the time when we are in our prime,  
With children, now our care and eye our joy,  
And child by child may scamper, skipping wild,  
Back home from school or play-games, girl or  
boy,  
And there upon the door-stone leap once more,  
With stip-step light, and tip-tap slight,  
Against the door.

Be my abode, beside some uphill road,  
Where people pass along, if not abide,  
And not a place where day may bring no face  
With kindly smiles, as lonesome hours may  
glide ;  
But let me hear some friend, well-known before,  
With stip-step light, and tip-tap slight,  
Against the door.

Barnes's Rural Poems.

## THE FALLING SNOW.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I WATCH to see the dim procession pass —  
The struggling, shadowy shapes that come and  
go ;  
I sit and watch, through clouded panes of glass,  
Through gauzy curtains of the falling snow.  
The fairy phantoms of the peopled air  
Come softly gliding to the earth below :  
I sit and list ; I list in vain to hear  
The feathery footfall of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled hoof  
And muffled wheel ; and in the silence, lo !  
I sit and worship, 'neath my whitening roof —  
The world keeps Sabbath for the falling snow.

White wings are fluttering all around to-day,  
Unseen, unheard — the loved of long ago !  
Alas ! why miss and mourn I, more than they,  
The forms that rest beneath the falling snow ?

*The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea*, by Benson J. Lossing (Virtue), will be remembered as having appeared about eight years ago in the *Art Journal*. The handsome volume before us has been revised by the author, whose preface bears the date of 1866. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are not of an ambitious kind, nor are they executed with any very elaborate finish, but they serve their purpose of assisting the description very well. The book itself seems well written. As Mr. Lossing says, "the Hudson is by far the most interesting river in America." His book is a good guide to its history, as well as to its scenery.  
Spectator.